

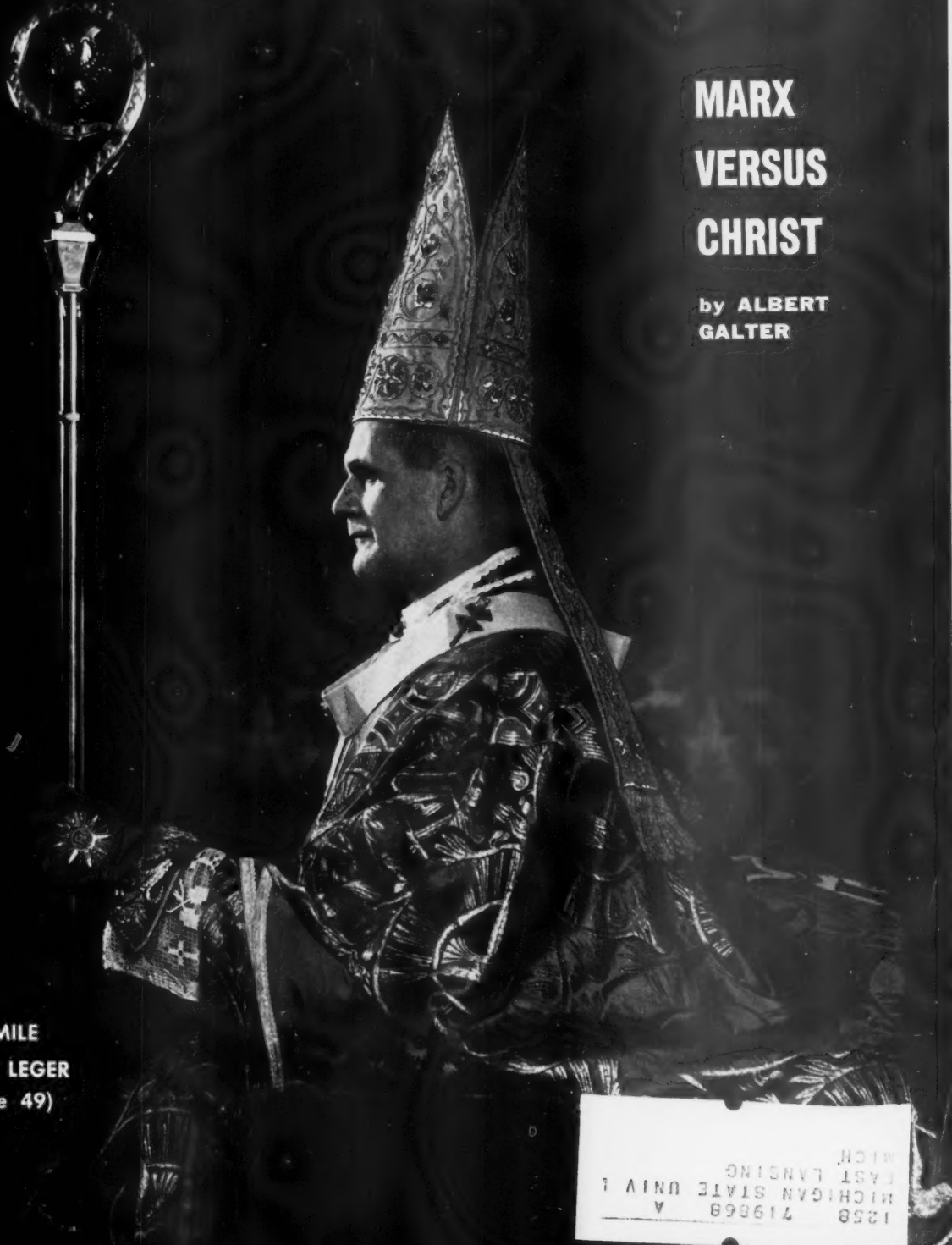
NOVEMBER 1957—25¢

MRB *Oct 25* *Social Dept*

The **SIGN** *National Catholic Magazine*

**MARX
VERSUS
CHRIST**

by **ALBERT
GALTER**



**PAUL-EMILE
CARDINAL LEGER**
(See page 49)

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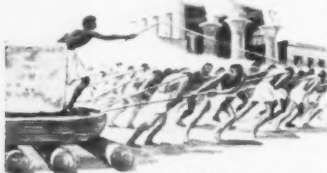
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L.M.-71



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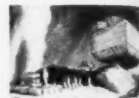
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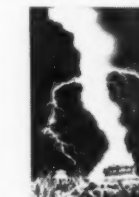
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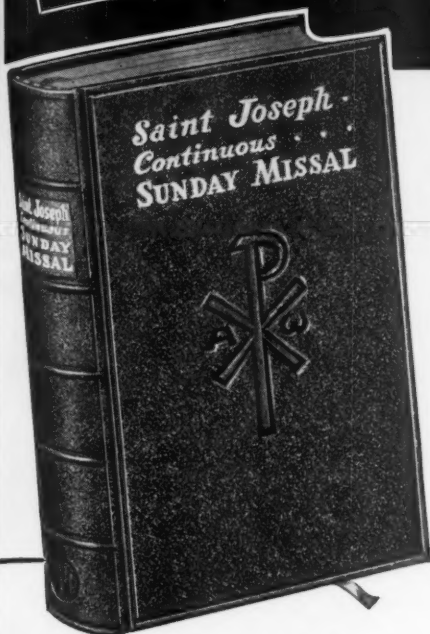


SEE how God answers Elihu's prayers with a bolt of lightning while pagan priests look on in amazement.

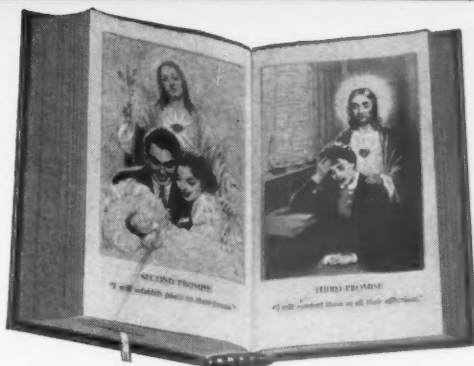
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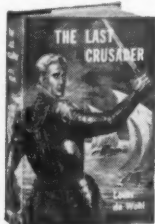
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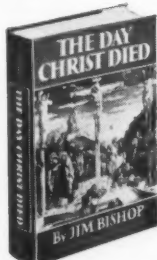
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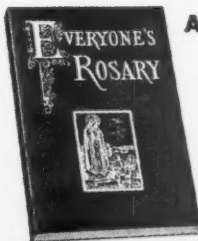


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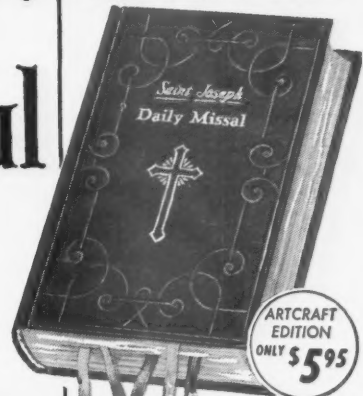


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Letters

OPEN LETTER

I should like to offer my sincere approbation for the article, "An Open Letter to Johnny's Mother," by Sister M. Jeromine (August). Being a teacher myself, both in civilian and Army life, articles of this type naturally attract my deepest interest and also arouse my sometimes overworked "critic-instincts" (for, indeed, the tenets of many such articles are based upon either frivolity, spuriousness, or gross insipience). Sister Jeromine is to be praised for her expert application of an integrated socio-psycho-theological approach to such a glaringly evident and, at the same time, mishandled problem in our schools today.

One must consider this not as a unique occurrence but as an everyday problem that is frequently disguised by the untrained teacher's emotional and unintelligent conception of it; all too frequently it is greeted with debility, indolence, and lack of understanding. Behavior patterns are not spontaneous but, rather, the product of a gradual, developmental growth of personality and is profoundly influenced by its environment, especially the primary groups. It is good to see it treated as such!

I find much pleasure in the reading of THE SIGN and try to cover as many articles as possible; perhaps my congratulations to the staff will be even more significant in consideration of the fact that I am of the Protestant faith.

PFC. KENNETH W. HOLLIS

% POSTMASTER
NEW YORK, N. Y.

BOB KENNEDY

Congratulations on your fine story about Bob Kennedy (August). I have been following Bob's and Jack's careers for over a year now and have been very impressed.

I would appreciate an article on Jack Kennedy, for he has had such an eventful life. I am sure your readers would enjoy it.

KATHERINE LENTIVE

BURBANK, CALIF.

THE KREMLIN

... Those who assess the changing Soviet through rose-tinted glasses are, indeed, more realistic than you, Reverend Father. (September) It is better to deal with a drunken Khrushchev who wrestles with his ministers along the side of the road than with a

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$3.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 25c. Canada, \$5.00 a year; Foreign, \$5.50 per year. Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 538, Act of May 28, 1923. Vol. 37, No. 4.

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KOREA—TAI-MU, exquisite dancer of the court ballet entertains **PAWK-NAM** the bridegroom in his ceremonial silk wedding robes. 10"

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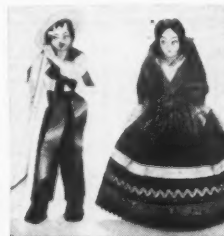
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NEW YORK 23, NEW YORK

malignant growth like Molotov. The former will dismiss a significant issue by cloaking it with a garment of wit; the latter will find it expedient to move legions in place. . . .

EDWARD BECKER

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BULLFIGHTING

Your recent comment using the word "sadism" in reference to bullfights is a slur and insult to the Catholic people of Mexico, South America, Spain, Portugal, France, and other countries where this spectacle is popular.

To me it is a lot more cruel to hunt and kill big game for the sake of a trophy or sheer joy of killing, or game fishing where a tarpon is hooked and dragged about for hours and then landed and allowed to asphyxiate. The thrust of the sword kills the bull in a matter of seconds or at most a few minutes.

The most severe critics of bullfighting are those that have never seen a *corrida* or at most have attended one. To the uninitiated who do not understand the grace, danger, and intricacy of the various passes, the bullfight is as complicated as his first American football game would be to an Englishman.

I quote from the brilliant English critic and aficionado Kenneth Tynan who wrote: "No public spectacle is more technical, offers less to the untaught observer, than a bullfight."

HENRY CELAYA, M. D.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

A WARNING

THE SIGN probably is or will be preparing for its Christmas edition soon.

Let us hope you never again, as you did once, make the unforgivable mistake of presenting to the Catholics who buy this magazine an ugly picture of the Mother of Our Redeemer.

If those who have been blessed by the sight of her despair of ever being able to describe her beauty, and claim that the greatest of artists have not approached it, then why make her unattractive in or out of the name of art.

F. STAMENCK

ALLENTOWN, PA.

The cover of the December issue this year will be a painting done especially for THE SIGN by Lauren Ford.

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

As a citizen of a member country of the British Commonwealth of Nations, I cannot allow the naïve rantings of one J. P. Duplica of Seattle to go unchallenged. (August, page 70).

What I wish to attack here is your correspondent's unjust description of the Commonwealth and what it stands for.

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Indeed every member of the Commonwealth is as free as any American. He is a subject only in as much as he voluntarily recognizes Queen Elizabeth II as his Queen. Knowing the extent of the Queen's power we can see that her subjects are far from being slaves.

All Commonwealth members are completely autonomous and in no way subject to one another in any field. . . .

Mr. CARMEN GALILEO

MONTREAL, CANADA.

CAPRA'S GENIUS

Re Mr. Zahorsky's letter in your September issue (page 72). Subjectively considered, it may be admitted that Mr. Capra's injection of "spiritual messages into science films is not enough"—but "not enough" only by subjective standards. Considered objectively, however, it must be admitted that Mr. Capra has done and is doing a tremendous amount of good—much more than the majority of other directors.

With current kudos to science being so many and fringing on idolatry, it seems of real and primary importance that its place in Christ's world be made evident to viewers. . . .

JOSEPH ZDERAD

WESTCHESTER, ILL.

FRENCH CANADIANS

I consider your article concerning the French Canadians (September) a poor and false piece of reporting. It is by no means up to the high caliber of writing that we are accustomed to find in your most excellent magazine. . . .

You could have picked a better example of a true and native son of French Canada. Why not our own Cardinal Leger, who is a living saint and a true son of French Canada. . . .

DAVID E. GOURLAY

WESTMOUNT, QUE., CANADA.

See "Cardinal of Charity," page 49.

Having recently returned from a trip through the Province of Quebec, I found the article on the French Canadians in the September issue of THE SIGN interesting. Although unqualified to pass judgment on several points raised by the author, I would like to express my appreciation of Quebec's Catholic spirit. It was a refreshing experience to spend some time in a Catholic province, and I would recommend Quebec to any summer traveler. The shrine of Our Lady at Cap de la Madeleine is especially beautiful.

REV. EDMUND DELANEY, S.A.
MONTAUR FALLS, N. Y.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE

Before World War II so very many readers of THE SIGN were exceedingly generous in mailing to me, as Chief Chaplain of the Philippine Army at Manila, Catholic magazines, pamphlets, and papers, for the young Filipino lads then in training. My

former chaplains are begging that I come to their aid. The need for such literature is still great.

May I request that in the promotion of the apostolate of Catholic literature, these young men be thought of. Mailing address: Chaplain Francisco Avendano, (Lt. Col.), Camp Evangelista, IV MA, Cagayan DE Oro City, Philippines.

(REV.) EDWIN RONAN, C.P.
HOUSTON, TEXAS.

Some of our readers might be pleased to send gift subscriptions for so worthy a cause. Price of a subscription for Philippines is \$3.50 a year, two years for \$6.00.

TEAMSTERS

With regard to letter from Mrs. Anna M. Chambers, Pasadena, Calif. (Sept. 1957) anent your articles on the Teamsters—since when should a Catholic publication quibble about printing the truth because of fear? . . .

MRS. D. D. CHENE
HOUSTON, TEXAS.

I receive THE SIGN every month and I like all your editorials and all your articles about labor and capitalism. . . .

Mrs. Anna M. Chambers (Pasadena, California) says about the teamsters union: "Why do you expose them?" They should be exposed as they are getting dictatorial and corrupt and it is not going to hurt the Church or the schools but do them good. . . .

C. F. STICKEL
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

I received by first copy of THE SIGN and am very pleased. But in "Letters" I read about the teamsters and it disturbed me. I'd like to answer Mrs. Chambers in this way. I am proud to belong to the only Church that has always fought for what is right. . . .

JOSEPH M. BRICK
W. HAVEN, CONN.

SEPTEMBER EDITORIAL

Having almost continuously disagreed with Father Gorman's editorials, I hasten to approve "Gangsters—Soviet Style" (September). It describes Russian Communism truthfully, accurately, and with a rare perception. Such an understanding of the menace of Communism on the part of more Americans, officials as well as private citizens, would strengthen the opposition that we must constantly offer to the Marxist ideology.

The ultraconservative Catholic, so often ridiculed by Father Gorman, has been a leader in the understanding of, and fight against, Communism. Therein lies the inconsistency of recent editorials in THE SIGN. . . .

WILLIAM W. WOLF, JR.
MANITOWOC, WIS.

Father Gorman's article on union reform admits the necessity of legislation to pro-

(Continued on page 80)

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November, 1957
Volume 37, Number 4

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its possessions, and Canada; all other countries, \$3.50 per year, two years, \$6.00. Checks or money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. Orders for renewals or changes of address should be received at least four weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should be given. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index. Entered as Second Class Matter September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rates of postage provided in Par. 4, Sec. 538, Act of May 28, 1925.

Editor's page

You Can Help

DURING the early years of THE SIGN, this page was a chatty letter from the Editor to the readers rather than an editorial. We've done the same rather infrequently in recent years, but we like to return to it occasionally.

It would be easy to fill a book with the difficulties of publishing, especially of magazine publishing. The recent demise of the Crowell-Colliers' magazines, as well as of several other big ones, dramatized this for the public.

Inflation has hit everybody in the pocketbook. The ordinary housewife gets a taste of it every time she visits the grocery store or meat market. A moderate-sized paper bag of supplies doesn't leave much of a ten or twenty dollar bill.

Inflation has hit the publishing industry with a good solid right. Going over old records, we noticed, for instance, that the price of the paper we use has gone up 145 per cent since the beginning of World War II. And it's pretty much the same right down the line with other publishing expenses.

The only increase in the price of the magazine since it was founded in 1921 was a 50 per cent increase in 1947 when we raised the subscription rate from \$2.00 to \$3.00. A modest increase in advertising rates has been put into effect, but advertising is not a major source of income.

We are not building up to an announcement that the subscription price is going up. Not yet, at least, although we can't give any guarantee for the future.

Why bother you then with these details of publishing difficulties?

Well, for one thing, we like to think of our readers as associates in our publishing venture rather than as mere customers. We're not just engaged in a business activity. THE SIGN is an organ of the Catholic press. We like to entertain and amuse at times, but our essential purpose is to enlighten and inspire our readers, to bring them the information they should have in order to live and act as intelligent and devoted Catholics.

Circulation figures show that we have had a certain success in making and holding friends. A look at the records shows many subscribers who have been with us 5, 10, 20, yes, even 30 years and more.

That's why we feel we can call on you for co-

operation in our work. Here are a few ways you can help us:

1) Renew your subscription, and renew it promptly. It's expensive to send a lot of reminders—and probably annoying to you.

2) Give gift subscriptions, especially at Christmas. You don't have to be a pious soul to enjoy THE SIGN. It's acceptable to the ordinary lay Catholic. It's appreciated by priests, Sisters, Brothers, and seminarians. (For your convenience in ordering, see Page 2.)

3) Do a little apostolic work through THE SIGN. Give a gift subscription to the Catholic partner of a mixed marriage. It has been surprising to us over the years to learn how many conversions have been effected through the non-Catholic's reading the magazine.

Give a gift subscription to your local library, to your doctor and dentist for their offices, to chaplains in the armed services and to prison chaplains for their libraries.

Donate a subscription to a foreign missionary. Almost every mail bring us letters from missionaries in different parts of the world asking for a subscription to THE SIGN. They tell us that they can use the magazine to great advantage teaching religion and English, attracting non-Christians to the Church, and offsetting Communist propaganda which is extremely powerful in many mission territories. If you don't know a missionary, you can send us the subscription price (\$3.50, foreign) and we shall select one from our list.

THESE are a few ways in which you, our readers, can help us to offset the effects of inflationary costs. In helping us, you are sharing in the work of the Catholic press, one of the most important activities of the Church. If you have any doubt about its importance, read the article "Marx versus Christ" in this issue. The first aim of the Communists whenever they take over is the suppression of the Catholic press because it is their greatest enemy and a solid bulwark of the Catholic Faith.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

"Divisive" is a nasty word in these uneasy days. In a world weary of war—a world often morally paralyzed under the bludgeoning impact of constantly recurring crises—the

In Favor of Divisiveness

"divisive man" is becoming increasingly unpopular. The current mood is toward respect for the Common Man; toward neighborly sharing of ideals and experiences; toward "togetherness." To all these things, a spiritually weary society gladly responds. The trend in itself is good. We have need for more good will and mutual respect. But the too-ready rejection of "divisive people" carries a grave threat to our real unity.

There is a certain kind of divisiveness which is good. It is even necessary. It springs from that eternal line of division which God has established between truth and falsehood, good and evil. It is that constantly present line which made God separate Abel from Cain; which made Christ declare a perpetual enmity between His Church and "the world"; which makes the good parent keep his children away from bad companions.

The trouble with the current antidivisive campaign is that it seeks unity on the basis of a very low common denominator. Every tyrant in history has tried to unite his people on the basis of some little human value or loyalty. The Roman Empire tried to do it by commanding allegiance to Caesar as god. The French Revolutionist's cry of "fraternity, equality, and liberty" evoked the worst butcheries in French history. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Co., all had their pet theories of remaking mankind and uniting their people. The blood still drips from their millions of victims.

So when we hear today of certain movements toward unity, we want to look at the fine print. Some colleges rebuke religious groups on the campus because they are divisive of the students' loyalty to the "spirit" of dear old alma mater. Some educators berate the parochial school system because, allegedly, it is a divisive force in the community. The Catholic Church is often spoken of as a block to Christian unity because she claims there is but one Lord and one Faith.

Certain labor leaders, catching on to this spirit, seek to eliminate the distinction between employer and employee. By mass pressure they have, in some areas, closed the gap that should exist between wages for skilled and non-skilled labor. The worst offense was in a recent election, in which, defiantly dismissing public opinion as well as the national voice of organized labor, the traditional distinction between honest and dishonest, reputable and disreputable leadership was set aside by many members of the rank and file. It dramatizes how blind loyalty to men can create national disunity. It proves beyond doubt the need for divisiveness



UNITED PRESS

Teamsters Union convention in Miami Beach elected James R. Hoffa, left, to succeed Dave Beck as president. Decent labor can do without men of Hoffa's ilk. He and the union ought to be expelled from AFL-CIO with due speed

UNITED PRESS PHOTOS



Pin on sweet-faced Nashville first-grader reads: "Keep white schools white." Adults sow hate in hearts of innocent



Negro girl, who braved epithets and National Guard at Little Rock, captured the sympathy of the world



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Backed by federal troops, Negro students attended school, won acceptance by their white classmates



Meanwhile, demagogue John Kasper cooled his segregationist heels in a Nashville jail (above) while integration proceeded in schools (right), thanks to the firm stand taken by city and state officials

Trouble in the South

As back-to-school days approached, a pressing question annoyed the nation's thoughts this past summer: How will the South accept school integration? In Little Rock, a mob wrote its answer in terms that were primitive in their ugliness, and the governor of the sovereign state of Arkansas backed it up. In Nashville, Tenn., segregationist John Kasper attempted to organize more mob action. Things looked bad for law and order. Then the tide turned. President Eisenhower ordered federal troops into Little Rock and Nashville took care of John Kasper by clapping him in jail. Force is not a pretty thing, even when used on the side of right, but the law had no choice but to use it.



Gov. Faubus started faubussing at conference with Ike. He pledged Guard withdrawal, then backed down



Southern governors sought compromise with Ike, but Faubus did another doubletake and won their enmity



between representative labor unions and mass organizations of irresponsible force.

There is a time when a healthy divisiveness is needed—when good men must stand up and be counted. Now is one of those crucial times for American labor.

All men are created equal. This luminous idea has inspired the course of American history. It is the cornerstone of America's social structure. It has impelled our Government to guarantee every citizen the equal protection of its laws. It has placed every American, from the President down to the last-born, under obligation to obey the laws of the land. No American escapes responsibility before the law. Every American is assured friendly but stern protection under the law. This is the political wisdom of America. It is wisdom which flows from the Christian vision of the same God creating all; inviting all men to share a common destiny in His everlasting Kingdom; sending His Divine Son to die for all; and endowing all with an immortal spirit stamped with His own image. This is the basic equality shared by male and female, black and white, slave and free man, people from East and West. In this sense, all men are created equal.

This does not mean that all men are equally men. As the incomparable Chesterton remarked, we never say to a whale, "be a whale;" but we do say to a man, "be a man!" A man has it within his power to be less than a man. There are good men and bad men. The good are not equally good; the bad are not equally bad. Neither do all men have the same advantages and opportunities in life.

Inequalities are not evil in themselves. In fact, a certain amount of inequality is absolutely necessary for human society to flourish. If all men were equally healthy, wealthy, intelligent, and virtuous, it would not only be a monotonous world; it would be an impossible world. We would have all chiefs and no Indians. Every man would sit at the table and no man would serve him. Everyone would walk the street and no one would clean it. A world full of teachers and no pupils, full of masters and no servants, full of employers and no employees would surely be an impossible world. As the human body needs different organs and members, so society needs citizens with different talents and interests.

However, society cannot leave each citizen as it finds him. God gives us some gifts ready made. The good society, however, is created by man's wisdom and justice. It is the task of Governments to provide fair opportunities for all the citizens to develop their God-given talents. A certain minimum of this world's goods is absolutely necessary for people to live with human dignity; to become educated; to assume responsibilities of citizenship; to develop their talents of hand, heart, and mind. The present generation of Americans has witnessed amazing strides toward social justice. Most Americans have won tremendous advances in opportunities offered for their physical and spiritual betterment. But there is one big blot still staining the American conscience. That blot is our treatment of the American Negro.

American Negroes, generally, have been denied a fair opportunity to develop physically, morally, and intellectually. The new South is helping considerably toward a gradual improvement of their economic and cultural status. But the final solution of this urgent problem will not be brought about by welfare agencies. Cultural equality will not be achieved by judicial decree. What the Negro needs, what

he wants, and what his essential dignity demands, is a fair opportunity to develop. This is a work for Governmental guarantee to some extent. It is a co-operative work of community facilities for health and education. Above all, it is the task of the Church. For spiritual problems demand spiritual remedies. It is through the Church that the wisdom of the Gospel and the grace of God will flow most readily to our Negro brethren.

When Americans boast of their high standard of living, as they do all too often, they might well consider the twenty million Americans who do not enjoy such a standard. We

Forgotten Americans

refer, primarily, to workers who receive substandard wages and who lack the protection of both law and union organization.

Most workers in interstate commerce are guaranteed a minimum wage of one dollar an hour. They may usually work only forty hours a week at straight time; hours beyond that level must be paid for at time-and-one-half. Actually, a major portion of the workers covered by this law earn nearly twice the guaranteed minimum.

But there are millions of other workers who have no assurance that even this meager minimum will be given them. There is no practical limitation upon their hours of work. Very few of them have the protection of unions. For various reasons the cost of organizing them is prohibitive. In this group are employees of retail chain stores, large department stores, restaurants, and hotels. Some are employed by big laundries and by dry-cleaning establishments. Others are farm laborers in "factories in the field." Still other process agricultural and seafood products. There are seamen, sawmill workers, and some construction workers. Many white-collar workers belong in this group.

These workers were excluded from the federal law enacted in 1938 as a matter of political expediency. If the law had not been so limited, it could never have passed Congress. Later improvements in the law still left millions economically disinherited. Surely this prosperous nation today need not govern itself by the standards of 1938. Yet, in fact, Congress adjourned in 1957 without taking action on the Morse-Kelley bills that sought to bring minimum protection to ten million more Americans.

The Morse-Kelley bills would not bankrupt firms involved. They are not radical. They do not touch small businesses or family-type farms. They simply deal with larger groups that, by any standard, constitute relatively large business activities. Forty dollars a week is a pitiful wage by any standard today. Americans generally accept the forty-hour week as normal for exhausting work. It is surprising that there would be any real opposition to such standards. Yet, in fact, the opposition has been sufficient to prevent any action in the recently completed session of Congress.

Arguments against higher standards follow a familiar pattern. It is alleged that the industry in question is paying all that it can afford. Artificially higher standards are supposed to cause bankruptcies and unemployment. Probably the real opposition centers more upon the forty-hour week, even though far too many Americans receive less than a dollar an hour for their work. A shorter work-week, or overtime pay for longer hours, would undoubtedly force readjustments in many occupations.

A prosperous nation should have a decent minimum standard as a prerequisite for any business activity. Substandard firms do not get cut prices on their electricity, coal, or other supplies. They should not expect to employ cut-rate labor.

Views in Brief

Remarkable Inventions. Any Catholic who is seriously interested in understanding the Church's attitude toward radio programs, TV shows, or movies cannot afford to bypass the recent encyclical of the Pope entitled *Miranda Prorsus* (Remarkable Inventions). It deserves study. Now that autumn is here and the big TV shows have returned, we would recall one principle from the encyclical: "This special power of giving pleasure within the family circle is reckoned of very great importance, since it can contribute a great deal to the religious life, the intellectual development, and the habits of the family. But it is wrong to introduce risk in any form into the sanctity of home surroundings."

Cheating. The author of a recent survey of colleges throughout the country concludes that cheating in examinations is a common practice. In some colleges, as many as 40 per cent of the students admitted cheating. He concludes: "I think a great many students feel that the issue of honesty is not really involved in cheating. From their standpoint, cheating is part of campus culture." Perhaps students need to remind themselves, or to be reminded, that honesty is involved and that there is a danger that what they accept as part of the "campus culture" they may also accept as part of the business or social culture they enter when they leave the campus.

On the Road. The recent statement by the Bishops of Switzerland is worth recalling: "People on the road must constantly realize that they are responsible before God for their own lives and for the lives of others. He who behaves



RELIGIOUS NEWS PHOTOS
Archbishop Cushing of Boston shares hot dogs and cokes with youngsters from Nazareth Children's Home. Outing is annual affair for kids



Joseph Harris, center, became first Negro to head National Federation of Catholic College Students. Harris hails from LaSalle College

dangerously sins gravely. The observance of legal regulations made in order to avoid accidents or to increase safety is a serious matter of conscience." A glance at the daily newspapers can make us realize that it's worth thinking about.

Satellite Smugness. As the Russian earth satellite, *Sputnik I*, streaks in its orbit around the earth at 18,000 miles per hour, the United States might reflect anew on the truth that deeds, not words, matter most in the cold war. For the most significant thing about *Sputnik I*, aside from its scientific value, is that it soars as a symbol of the fact that while the Soviets worked, we talked. The result was a victory for the Russians that no amount of verbiage can erase. In the eyes of the world, they have beaten us at the game we talked so well, the race for technical superiority. The Soviets have learned the hard way that deeds provide their own propaganda, for until now we have had most of the deeds on our side. *Sputnik I* is just one setback, but it is a setback that can teach us much about work and words.

Toll TV. Sooner or later it was bound to happen: a man with a promoter's mentality had to figure out a method for socking the televiewer in the pocketbook for the privilege of staring glommy-eyed at his TV screen. As a matter of fact, half a dozen promoters have figured out half a dozen ways of doing it. The result may be, if this thing catches on, that in the not very distant future you'll be shelling out \$125 to \$1,200 a year for something you used to get free. The argument goes that you'll be assured of "better" productions on toll TV than you can now receive on sponsored TV. This remains to be seen, for the history of mass media is pretty clear in indicating that the more customers the producer is trying to please, the more likely is he to attempt to reach a least common denominator of mediocrity. Sponsored television is no exception and there is little reason to think that toll TV will be one either. Our main objection, however, is more compelling. We have never felt much sympathy for the do-it-yourself craze; the switcheroo called pay-it-yourself evokes even less.



Bishop Sheen presents first Worldmission Award to Oliver Parks, founder of Worldmissionaires, group that prays and sacrifices for the missions

RED RECORD
EXPLODES
COEXISTENCE
MYTH

MARX versus CHRIST

by ALBERT GALTER

Survey of Red persecution of the Church since 1945 in all
Communist-controlled countries reveals an evil and extremely
cunning master-plan designed to liquidate the Catholic Church

This article has been edited from the first chapter of The Red Book of the Persecuted Church, with the permission of the American publisher, The New-man Press. THE SIGN offers it to our readers as an extremely penetrating and timely analysis of the Communist persecution of the Church in countries behind the Iron Curtain. Our readers are referred to the documented book for detailed information on just how the Communist apparatus operates once it has seized control of a country. As a highly authoritative document, The Red Book should be widely circulated.

IT IS A GREAT TRAGEDY that today, after so many bitter years of Communist activity and persecution, there are still many Christians who remain in ignorance of the essentially evil nature of Communism.

Many see in Communism no more than a threat to peaceful living and an attack on their political freedoms and economic security. There are others who, with somewhat greater insight, think Communism can be fought merely on the plane of social justice. These people

fail to see the magnitude of the religious drama that is going on before their eyes.

In this matter, the Communists are wiser than the children of light. The ruthless, highly intelligent, and systematic persecution which the Communists have waged against the Church is positive proof that they look upon Christianity and fidelity to Christ's teaching as the greatest obstacle to the establishment and consolidation of their atheistic dictatorship. They see in Christ the main roadblock to the advance of Marx. It was Lenin who affirmed that one day Communism and Christianity would have to stand alone face to face, as it were, in single combat.

A study of the Communist persecution of the Church since 1945 reveals three basic facts: the organizing power of world Communism is unified; the identity of method in the use of tactics and strategy in various Communist-controlled countries shows unity of operation; the highly ingenious plan of action devised to liquidate the Church in all Communist-controlled countries shows that the Church is recognized as Communism's greatest enemy.

Since the unified high-command as well as the common objectives of world Communism are clearly understood from a study of Communist tactics and strategy, it is necessary for the Christian today to have a clear knowledge of the manner in which world Communism seeks to liquidate the Church in countries where it has gained control.

In studying the permanent features of this bitter persecution, the Christian is sometimes confused at the varied and apparently contradictory ways in which the Communists operate. Their alternating methods of threat and cajolery, of opposition and co-operation, are bound to be confusing to the uninitiated.

This variety of method, however, has been methodically worked out by the highly intelligent planners of world Communism. Such variety of method arises from the differences in social conditions with which the Communists are confronted in different countries. The varying factors which make the conspirators act in momentarily different ways may be reduced to six. These factors are:

(1) *The number of Catholics, their degree of organization, and the in-*

tensity of Christian life of the country. The persecution of the Church could not get underway with the same degree of severity in Yugoslavia or Poland as it did in countries such as China, Bulgaria, and Rumania. Pending full control, Communists come forward at times, especially before elections, as defenders of religious liberty. Thus, in Hungary, the Communists at first acted as staunch defenders of "freedom of education" and on this point even opposed, for a time, the left wing of the Small-Holders' Party.

(2) *The Rite professed by Catholics.* For example, in Rumania, the Communists used different methods in dealing with Rumanian Catholics of the Latin Rite and Rumanian Catholics of the Oriental Rite, in order to drive a wedge between them.

(3) *The existence of a more numerous and stable denomination that might be used against the Church of the minority.* Thus, in the Ukraine and in Rumania, the Russian and Rumanian Orthodox Churches were used in the struggle against the Catholic Church of the Oriental Rite.

(4) *The strength of the Communist position within the country.* Timing is essential with Marxian tactics. Thus, if the too-rapid liquidation of the Church would hinder the "Sovietization" and economic development of the country, the persecution must be slowed down. For example, in the

(6) *The psychological factor within and outside the country.* Sometimes, as in Czechoslovakia, the Communist Government will deliberately arouse the indignation of the people by severe repressive measures against the Church. Then the Government gives way a little and popular indignation abates. It's like a wily businessman insisting to the customer that he wants six dollars for a four-dollar article. When the customer finally gets it for five dollars, he really thinks he has saved a dollar.

On the international plane, Communists are reluctant to alarm world opinion. For this reason they have perfected the "technique of the vise." They tighten the vise against the Church in one country, then in another, and again in a third. When world opinion is aroused, they release the pressure in a fourth country by way of conciliating this public opinion.

From these examples it can be seen how the deadly process of liquidation ruthlessly and persistently proceeds with infinite variations. But beneath all the variations, there stand the permanent features which characterize the world struggle of Communism against Christ and Christianity in every nation.

What then, are these permanent features? They can be reduced to eleven.

(1) *The propaganda campaign to discredit the Church in the eyes of the people.*

Scandals, past or present, are dug up

to discredit the Fascists and Ustascia. In the Ukraine and Czechoslovakia, she was accused of collaboration with the Nazis. The Slav peoples were told that the Popes had always sacrificed their interests to the Germans, etc.

Once this confusion and distortion has served to discredit the Church, Communist propaganda goes a step further and begins to prepare the minds of the people for active measures against the Church. All means of communication are used: press, radio, cinema, mass meetings, posters, cartoons, slogans, popular festivals, etc. Lies, through unending repetition, begin to look like the truth. The man in the street begins to think that Communism is not against religion but merely against the abuses of religion. In this way, the Communist victims are cleverly led on to approve and defend decisions which are about to be made: decisions which in the end, will spell their own destruction.

(2) *The first decrees against the Church now make their appearance.* These have a twofold purpose: to strengthen the Communist grip on power and to "test" the resistance of the hierarchy and of the faithful. From Poland to China, the first "legal" step is always the same: the Catholic press is suppressed, most frequently "because of paper shortage." This means the disappearance of the most effective means of offsetting Communist propaganda. Then nearly always there follow:

a) the dissolution of Catholic Associations.

b) the nationalization of the free schools.

c) the nationalization of Church property in the name of greater "social justice." In practice this is pushed to the point where the Church is deprived of the means of subsistence.

d) the Church is forbidden to engage in any kind of social or charitable activity.

(3) *Obstruct relations of the hierarchy and the faithful with the center of Catholicism.* First, the "foreigner" who represents the Holy See is expelled. With the exception of North Vietnam, no Communist-dominated country today admits a representative of the Holy See.

(4) *Compromise the Church in the eyes of the people and, if possible, in the eyes of the world.* It is the hour of the great court trials. The propaganda machine again plays a dominant part in setting the stage. The Church is to be struck through her leaders. It may be a missionary ignominiously subjected to a "People's Judgment" in a Chinese village, or it may be the Cardinal Primate of Hungary, whose very personality the Communists strove to undermine by a monstrous travesty of legality.

"Marxism is materialism. It is absolutely atheistic and relentlessly opposed to all religion" Lenin.

USSR, where Communism was solidly established, the regime proceeded in summary and radical fashion. But in Hungary, between 1953 and 1955, when the country was faced with an economic crisis, antireligious pressure was eased, because Catholic co-operation was sought in the name of patriotism and national welfare.

(5) *The possible impact on world opinion of the struggle against religion and the Church.* Thus in the USSR and China, where there was less fear of the bourgeois world, the antireligious campaign was much more drastic than it was in such countries as East Germany where there exists immediate contact with Western opinion, if only by the continual exodus of refugees.

and a flood of coarse pamphlets distort the history of the Church. The Church is accused of being the accomplice of "Capitalism." She is the enemy of the enslaved workers. She exacts payment, even for administering the Sacraments, and so oppresses the people. The Pope is the head of one of the world's greatest financial powers; the Vatican, in the pay of the United States, is chief instrument of "reactionary politics" and war-monger No. 1 in the world.

Keen to exploit any latent prejudice, Communists in China accused the Church of having helped Chiang Kai-shek and the Japanese. In Poland the Church was charged with having favored the Nazis. In Yugoslavia and Albania, the Church was said to have given pro-

(5) *Sentence and punish the leaders of the faithful.* Thus in China, the missionaries were expelled; in Albania and Bulgaria, priests and bishops were exterminated; in the USSR, they were put in concentration and forced labor camps; while in Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, they were sent to "concentration monasteries."

(6) *Weaken the influence and resistance of the clergy by sowing divisions among them.* Once the Communists have aroused in a certain number of priests a sympathetic attitude toward the regime, they immediately set up associations of priests under most harmless and even pious titles. For the Communists, these priests become a veritable "fifth column" in the Church. Their mission is to bring about the dissolution of the Church from within through the play of "internal contrasts" according to the Marxist revolutionary jargon.

In Czechoslovakia, there was set up the *Union of National Priests*; in Hungary, *The Catholic Priests of Peace*; in Croatia, *The Union of SS. Cyril and Methodius*, with similar organizations in the other Federated Republics of Yugoslavia; in China, *The Association of Patriot Priests*. The Communists then become very patronizing toward these groups, even to the point of apparently denying their own principles. Side by side with this system of dividing the clergy is their attempt to gain control of the seminaries and, through them, of the formation of future priests. Some Communist countries have set up State seminaries of their own.

(7) *Now confront the hierarchy with the dilemma: either accept the so-called Church "statutes" or submit to the paralysis of ecclesiastical life in your area.*

The Communists now seek to lead the bishops down the dangerous road of compromise. Having already undermined the unity of the Church, this new step places frightening pressure on the conscience of each bishop. To intimidate the hierarchy, the bishops are confronted with the example of many priests and bishops imprisoned. Now the Communists dangle promises of personal freedom, free exercise of the sacred ministry, liberation of imprisoned religious, economic advantages.

The price? Accept the Church "statutes" offered by the Communist Government. They ask the bishops to take into consideration the new democratic society in which the Church has to live. The Church must realize that she has to adapt herself to new social, economic, and political conditions. It is only reasonable, the bishops are now told, to sign an *accord* or *modus vivendi* with the State. In Communist terminology,

the Church, in this way, acquires official statutes.

In reality, these statutes mean only one thing: a direct attack on the unity of the Church. To refuse to sign means paralysis of ecclesiastical life in that area. To sign means to embark on the dangerous road of compromise which is deliberately designed by the Communists to lead toward schism and thus to smash the unity of the Church.

(8) *When this type of attempt to nationalize the Church is not advisable,*

are confused. If bishops accept and appoint these priests, people who know them to be unworthy are still confused.

Thus the Marxian technique of engendering "internal conflict" helps to destroy the Church. This explains why the Communist Government protects the "lower" clergy against the "higher," "peace-loving" priests against the "warmongers," the secular against the regular clergy, those of the Oriental Rite against those of the Latin Rite, apostate priests against their ecclesias-

***"Communism is intrinsically evil. No one... may collaborate with it in any undertaking"* Pius XI.**

then a more subtle method must be used. Get an "accord" signed between Episcopate and State. Follow up by establishing a Bureau of Ecclesiastical Affairs. This technique, first used in Poland and later in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, etc., reveals the true function of the Bureau. Ostensibly, it is "to regulate the relations between Church and State." In reality, it is a Communist device:

- a) for making the Church a mere department of the State;
- b) for eliminating "refractory clergy" by claiming the Governmental right to nominate priests to ecclesiastical office;
- c) for making use of priests as political agents after enslaving them economically;
- d) for deceiving the faithful into believing the State is carrying out Church policy in the name of the bishops.

Regarding the State's insistence on nominating priests to ecclesiastical offices, it would be more truthful to say the State *imposes* certain priests on their bishops as candidates for ecclesiastical offices. Thus Vicars General and Vicars Capitular are nominated from the ranks of the so-called "Patriot Priests" who have been found docile and are subject to State functionaries. Faithful priests are never nominated. By degrees, bishops find their dioceses slipping from their control into the hands of the "docile priests." Sometimes, the bishops are simply "eliminated" altogether.

Another result of such tactics is to sow confusion between priests and people, bishops and Rome. If bishops refuse to accept such candidates, they are appointed by the State, anyway. At times, they function without authority. People

are confused. It is the technique of destroying from within. This they call "internal destruction."

(9) *The Church, thus made partially subservient to the Communist State, is now asked to co-operate in the construction of "the new social order."* By State strictures, the Church has been practically eliminated from public life. Now, as a condition for any survival at all, the State requires that the Church co-operate in building the Marxian utopia. For several reasons, the Communists find it advisable to have the Church collaborate, once they have fashioned it to their will:

- a) They need the influence of the clergy to aid their economic effort.
- b) Such friendly co-operation is a good "ad" for the Communist regime. It proves to foreigners that the "People's Democracies" are not opposed to religion;
- c) They wish to divert the Church from her true mission of bringing souls to life everlasting. At least they impose limits on the Church and force the clergy to be engaged in secular occupations. By such laicizing of the Church they make final liquidation easier when the time comes.

The priest must show he accepts the regime. It is an added agony of conscience. If he refuses, the people are deprived of his services. If he accepts, he gives bad example to the faithful. Thus, after shutting up the Church in the sanctuary, the Communist regime now drags her forth to forward "Communist policy."

(10) *For tactical reasons, "freedom of worship" must temporarily be pro-*
(Continued on page 76)

The October City

The general asked only that the fighting stop.

But would the bishop accept his terms?

In the October City the shouting and gunfire had ended. True, there were still pockets where fanatics fired from gutted basements or heaps of rubble, but to the General's mind these represented only the aftermath of a successful operation. The General had only one criterion; either a situation was under control or it was not. Tonight the October City was firmly under control.

He was an old general, heavy with age's accumulated fats and fluids. His hair was thick and white, his face florid, still blue-eyed, still peasant, supported by a great bulge of flesh around his tunic collar. He was a tired General; his body, though tough beneath the fat, ached from the wounds of battles that were a thousand bugle calls ago. He would carry a bullet in his neck to the grave; his left side was scarred from armpit to thigh . . . gasoline burn; half a rib was gone where a saber had been thrust and twisted. The General lived with pain as some men live with bitter memory.

Tonight it was cold but the General came from a cold country, the great country of the Eastern Plain where winters tightened to thirty below and cattle died in the stall. He could recall the cold of those winters when death was wind and ice.

Tonight it was cold. The October City, tall and torn after fifteen days of bloody insurrection, loomed starkly in the moonlight. There was no electricity. From the chamber where he waited, on the third floor of the parliament building, he could see beyond the twisted vein of the river in the cold moonlight to the hills with their gap like a wound, the gap through which the General had poured his returning armies to decisive assault.

All across the city fires blazed. Some had been built after the battle to keep people and soldiers warm. Some had been set during the battle. To the east a great cathedral was a torch tonight, its flames bending south because a north wind blew over Europe.

by
*Roderick
MacFeish*

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO





"I am not here to argue religion," the General said. "I only ask you to make a broadcast"

A pity about that cathedral, the General thought. A magnificent structure. The guide books said it was built in the twelfth century, famous for its carved oak doors and frescoes. The General was not an insensitive man. He loved and understood beauty. He understood, too, that war was ugliness and that ugliness knew no rules, whereas beauty did and, so, beautiful things were often destroyed. It did not matter that the cathedral was erected to an idea that the General supposed was false and despotic. Those were considerations for the ideologists to ponder. The General had contempt of sorts for the ideologists. What mattered was the cathedral was burning. A shame.

He turned from the window because the glass was cold and the sight of the burning cathedral depressed him. There were still things to do before the liberation was complete. In the dark, cold October City, sniper fire still whined and, in the bloody, wrecked north across the river, tanks still lobbed shells into the darkness.

The General eased his heavy, tired body behind the big desk at one end of the chamber near a fireplace and whistled shrilly. A door down at the far end of the room opened. "Send in the Bishop," the General said in his thick, coarsely peasant accent.

An aide saluted and vanished. The General pretended to study a document before him. He had never gotten over his peasant shyness with people. This talking was a part of war that the diplomats should handle. But the diplomats were a chicken-hearted lot. They didn't dare enter a city until the last fire was out, the last rifle confiscated, the last corpse buried. The General disliked diplomats, too.

Footsteps whispered on the stone floor and the door thudded shut. The General raised his massive head. "Sit down," he said, "here . . ."

"I can manage, thanks," the Bishop's voice was thin but steady.

For a moment the old general studied this man. The General had heard of the Bishop with his almost mystic hold on the people. In the General's childhood people had been superstitious about such things. "Are you comfortable?" the General asked.

The Bishop nodded. He was quite small and didn't look like a witch at all. The Bishop, like the General, was old. The Bishop's years had dried him to thin bone and tight skin. He wore a skull cap, but tufts of gray hair stuck out from beneath it like feathers. His face was narrow, all built around a big nose, sunken, serene eyes, and a straight mouth. The Bishop wore a long, black cassock, high black shoes like an old

woman's, a touch of scarlet ribbon at his throat against the immaculately clean collar. *How do they do it?* the General wondered. *Don't they ever sweat or get rumpled or dirty?* Aloud he said, "I suppose you know who I am?"

The Bishop nodded. "I have heard of you many times."

The General grunted. "I have heard of you, too."

The Bishop smiled. "Permit me to compliment you on your command of the language. It is not easy."

The General returned the smile. "I have spoken it for years, but I have never been here before this. Maybe they sent me here because I speak the language, eh?"

"Maybe," the Bishop answered, his eyes shining. "Now, business?"

"Would you like something to eat?"

"Thank you, no."

The General studied the Bishop a moment. "The city is now secure."

The Bishop raised an eyebrow. "Secure?"

"In the sense that the fighting is nearly over. The question is, what comes next?"

"I think we both know what comes next," the Bishop answered quietly. "Reprisals. Vengeance, to use an unpleasant word."

• A man is getting along the road to wisdom when he begins to realize that his opinion is just an opinion.
—Supervision

The General took a deep breath. He felt the need to be patient. This was his first assignment outside his own country. "I would not distress myself over such matters. Your Excellency. I was referring to certain steps necessary to make the present security permanent."

"Such as?"

"For one thing, your attitude," the General answered. "You are a respected man, with influence among the people. At the moment there is a general strike and a little fighting here in the city and elsewhere. It would be better if you would attempt to stop it."

The firelight flickered, a burned-through timber crumbled into the ashes with a soft, spark-sprayed crash. Beyond the cold glass windows, a rifle cracked somewhere in the ruined city. Tank cannon thudded and then stopped. The Bishop raised his head, listened a moment, and then looked back at the General.

"My influence?" he asked.

"I am asking you to use it to stop the fighting and bring an end to the

general strike so that things may get back to normal."

"How would you suggest I do that?" the Bishop asked.

"A radio broadcast, perhaps?"

The Bishop shook his head. "No, I'm sorry. It wouldn't do."

The General leaned forward on his heavy folded arms. "People are killing each other, Excellency. Isn't that against your beliefs?"

"We believe," the Bishop answered softly, "that Our Lord drove the dark angel from heaven, that He engulfed His enemies in the Red Sea, that His Son drove the money-changers from the temple."

"I am not here to argue religion," the General said, a trifle irritably. "I don't like religion. I ask you to make a broadcast."

"And I," the Bishop replied, "answer no."

"Why not?"

In the firelight the Bishop's face was calm. "Because you have invaded us and killed our people. You have burned our cities. And why? Because we wished only to be free of you, because we have shown before all the world that we think you, your system, and your morals are wrong. We have further shown that we feel this so strongly that death is preferable to you. I think," the Bishop answered quietly, "that a few more deaths would only serve to strengthen our point of view."

"That's stupid," the General said. "What have you left to fight with?"

"We have wit and spirit," the Bishop smiled. "You have neither."

The General grunted. "Now what's that supposed to mean?"

"You have no wit," the Bishop answered, "because you have had to use force to press upon us what you could not give or sell to us." He paused, the firelight flickering on his old face. "And surely, General, you can have no spirit for this revolting task?"

"Ridiculous. It has been a military engagement. Easier than most."

"Military engagement?" the Bishop asked. "This must, indeed, be your first effort of this kind, General. Have you been along Szercany Boulevard? This morning I saw a headless child lying on a pile of stones there, one hand clutching bread. I saw twenty young men lying where they had been machine-gunned, white flags in their hands. I saw the body of a woman who had been raped and strangled. Are these victims of a military engagement?"

Maybe it was the cold, the General thought, or maybe it was all the years upon him, that made his body chill. The headless, the raped, the white-flagged dead; these were the acts of

soldiers, and soldiers were a cruel, thoughtless mob in uniform under orders. Generals didn't order women raped or children slaughtered. Generals ordered in the abstract with words like *stop the resistance*. The rest was up to field commanders, company commanders, and the organized mob that were soldiers.

The General tried to control his irritation at the implication that he had been personally responsible for the horrors of the October City. "There were two sides in this fight, Excellency. Both shot guns. Fascists and reactionaries can kill and rape, too. So don't talk to me of dead babies. In my own country I saw dead babies during the World War. I saw things that would make you sick."

The Bishop nodded sympathetically. "I know," he said softly. "I have said that I knew of you. You were a hero in those days, General."

Hero? They had called him that. He had gone, miraculously, for six days and seven nights that winter, sleepless, not eating, rushing from one battle front to the other in his country's agony. Where a line faltered or communications broke, he had appeared, rallying his men, leading charges himself, plotting brilliantly on maps that had no validity, deploying forces that were too exhausted to fight, demanding supplies that didn't exist, and yet somehow making them appear. The General had seen his own son machine-gunned to death in the defense of his country's major city.

"There are no such things as heroes," the General said aloud. "Only tasks and people to do them."

The Bishop shook his head. "You are wrong. What you did in your own country was incredible. Inspired. Why did you do it?"

"Because we were being attacked," the General said wearily. "It does not matter."

"Oh, but it does. It matters a great deal. That's why those people out there are fighting so hard. *You* have attacked them."

The General brought his head up sharply. "Nonsense. We attacked counter-revolutionary forces exploiting the people—not the people themselves. We are liberators, not conquerors."

The Bishop smiled. "Has it not occurred to you that our people are a little reluctant to accept your liberation?"

For a moment the General paused, his mouth half open. Then he closed it. The ideologists would have an answer for that. "You twist facts, Your Excellency. The people have been aroused, driven to this by Fascists and reactionaries, exploited by their enemies."



All across the city fires blazed. Some had been built after the battle. A great cathedral was a torch.

"Including me?" the Bishop asked. "You have not been without guilt," the General answered. He was growing tired in his wariness. He mistrusted men who used words too well. "We are liberating the people from their enemies within."

The Bishop brought a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and lit one. Slowly he shook out the match and studied its charred stub. Then he raised his eyes, serene, deep in his withered old face. The crack of a rifle sounded in the cold, gutted city beyond the window glass. "Liberator or conqueror?" he said softly. "That's the question, isn't it, General?"

This time the General didn't answer. There would be no more traps with words.

"Very well," the Bishop continued. "I will make a bargain with you."

The General shifted his bulk in the chair. He studied the Bishop suspiciously, chin on hand. "What sort of bargain?"

"I say you are a conqueror. You say you are a liberator. I say the people detest you. You say this is not so."

"Get on with it."

"I will talk with you," the Bishop said slowly, holding his smoldering cigarette in one, gnarled hand. "I will walk with you tonight from here to my residence in St. Basil's square. Many will see us for there are fires along that way tonight. They will tell the others, 'I saw the Bishop with the General. They are friends.' This much I will do, General. No more. Well?"

The high-ceilinged room lit only by embers was still a moment. In the bloody north across the river the tank cannon had taken up their barrage again, their sound pounding monotonously across the cold October City. The snipers on this side of the river were silent . . . either dead or having quit until daylight.

Why, the General wondered, did he hesitate? The offer was a start. Perhaps tomorrow, a broadcast. Tonight, this was enough.

Did he hesitate because he was afraid? Even as a boy he'd had no time for fear. He had *been* only a boy on the night of his first great act of valor . . . that night with the old monarch's guards trading a blizzard of gunfire with the revolutionaries, an eighteen-year-old lad had dashed across the square and heaved a gasoline-filled bottle through the palace windows before a bullet smashed him to the pavement. Lying there amid the snow, blood, and gasoline, he had had no fear.

He had not been afraid because they had convinced him that he was right. All through his life they had been con-

vincing him. The ideologists had explained it all . . . even the difference between liberation and conquest. Now the difference seemed a little blurred.

"Well, General?"

He looked at the Bishop. "Very well," the General said. He rose. "Let's go while some of the people are still awake to see us."

The Bishop smiled as he stood. "Not many sleep tonight, sir."

The wind bit sharply as they stepped into the square. Deep in his great coat, the General shivered as he limped along. His hands were rammed into his pockets. He walked in a slow, painful roll. The General glanced at the Bishop wrapped only in his scarlet and black cloak. *They don't even get cold, the General thought. Like the Babyagas, the witches who feel no pain. Something from a distance in time made the General shiver again, the voice of his peasant mother as she told him about the Babyagas. There are no witches, the General told himself. Only men who twist words.*

The October City seemed empty, cold, and hugely silent despite the distant thud of tank cannon. Fires crackled and spat at street corners, their garish light dancing up on the shells of tall buildings, some ripped open so that the superstructure showed, others half-caved away, their tops and sides smashed down, lying in masses of rubble on the gutted and hole-scarred street.

The General and the Bishop walked in the center of the broad avenue. Sometimes a heap of stones barred the way, sometimes it was the wreckage of a barricade thrown across two corners, a place where fanatics had fought for a few hours before they died. They walked past the fires, the wreckage, through the smoldering ruin of the hushed city. The Bishop was silent but wondering, wondering if the General *really believed* that he was a liberator, wondering if God would forgive the Bishop for what he was about to do.

He looked sideways at the General, old, scarred, and limping. *Two old men, the Bishop thought, two old men on a deserted street at night. Two old men who cannot talk quietly together as old men should. Two old men with no memories to share, jokes to tell, or dreams to dream. Two old men filled with doubt and death.*

The wind blew again. The dark October City was cold and empty.

But was it really empty?

The General looked up at the gutted buildings. In them, in the dark and freezing wind, men who had been bricklayers and poets but who were now murderers and fanatics were watching. None would dare to shoot this night for

fear of hitting the Bishop. But what made men change that way? Did reactionaries really turn the people against their true liberators? The General wondered.

The ideologists said yes. The ideologists explained it all.

But the ideologists didn't walk alone in old, shattered cities on late autumn nights. The ideologists never walked amid the ruins that their ideologies created, never smelled the sick, sweet stench of the dead their ideologies had killed, never faced the inevitable question that rose in the dark and cold. Are we *truly* liberators? Or, how do we differ from the conquerors who crossed our own Eastern Plains? Or, who *are* we, anyway?

The General wondered. He wondered with a tightening in his gut, a faster pitch to the pounding of his heart. Could this be fear? If it was, it was because the General no longer felt he was right, because the ideologists had been wrong all along.

The Bishop had stopped.

The General stopped.

They were standing in a wide square. The fires of the boulevard were far behind them now. In the dark, the pale moon splashed the broken cobbles

• Opportunity is often missed because we are broadcasting when we should be tuning in.—National Safety News

with silver and the smashed buildings loomed blue-black in an infinity of darkness and shadow: The broken and dead buildings filled with cold watchers who could see but not be seen.

"Over there," the Bishop pointed to a tall, dark-windowed house with an ironwork grill before it. "My residence."

"Very well," the General nodded. "Now we go back."

In the moonlight he saw the Bishop smile gently and shake his head. "No, General, *you* go back."

For a moment the two old men looked at each other. "Clever," the General grunted. "Very clever. Good strategy."

The Bishop inclined his head slightly. "Coming from you, I shall consider that a compliment. An example of our wit."

The General unbuttoned his great coat and took out his pistol. His gloved hand fumbled to unsnap the safety. He raised it. "I shall have to kill you if you do not walk back with me," he said slowly.

"I understand," the Bishop answered. "I might point out that our spirit,

which I mentioned, makes me ready to die. Are you?"

"Die?" the General grunted. "Me? For what?"

"For being wrong, General. If you are a liberator, you will walk back safely. People do not kill their liberators. If you are a conqueror, it will be different."

"Words," the General said. "You're playing with words again."

The Bishop gathered his cloak about him. "I am going to my residence," he said. "I wouldn't try to follow if I were you. There are resistance fighters to whom I have given refuge in there. Good night." He nodded slightly, turned, and walked away across the square toward the shadow cast by the gaunt corpses of the buildings.

For a moment, the General held his automatic. Then, slowly, he lowered it. He did not kill people. He gave orders in the abstract.

The Bishop disappeared.

The square was silent. The city was silent. The General put his pistol back into its holster and buttoned his great coat. It was a long way back to the fires, the barricades, and the parliament building. It had not seemed so long a walk.

Yes, he was afraid. His old body, emptying of life, at this moment wanted life. His wounds and pain suddenly uttered in every nerve that their torment was not finished yet.

The General began to walk, slowly, feeling the fear rise in him like the great rivers of the mother-country freeze in autumn.

Could the fear mean that the ideologists were wrong, that it had *all* been wrong, that he *really was* the creator of the white-flagged dead, the headless babies, the raped, the plundered, the murdered?

The General walked faster. The pounding of his heart quickened as he pushed his tired body, his old body, toward the bonfires.

Did the pounding heartbeats mean that he *really had* betrayed his heroism by crushing in others what he, himself, had done?

The General moved faster, clumsily, swathed in his heavy great coat, grunting and panting, the jarring of his body stirring the old wounds, the old pains.

Were the ideologists wrong? *Were* they? *Were they?* Gasping for breath he tried to remember their words, their reassurances, while shouting the question down in his own mind. *Were* they wrong? *Were* they? *Were they?*

Then the crack of a rifle in the dark October City and the new pain, the last pain, told him that they were.



HOSTILITY EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM

Deep in our unconscious lies the secret world of our hostilities. A famous psychiatrist tells in this article how to recognize them and bring them under conscious control

by Francis J. Braceland, M.D.

as told to Milton Lomask

Mark was a nice boy, too nice. For beneath an exterior show of affection for his mother lay a raging tide of hostility that only a psychiatrist could—and did—detect and cure

THE SPRING DAY was cool and when Mrs. Jones, sitting across the desk from me, glanced at the open office window and shivered, her son Mark leaped to his feet.

Mark was the patient, and I watched closely as he hurried over to close the window. What impressed me was his obvious devotion to his mother, the concern in his voice as he said to her, "I hope you're not catching cold."

I asked him to leave us alone for a few minutes. He went out, and his mother embarked on a description of his problems, the problems that had prompted her to bring him to a psychiatrist. Mark had a chronic cough, for which no organic cause had been found. He was failing at school in spite of what his record showed to be superior intelligence; and recently his teachers had complained that his "attitude" was "unco-operative."

"That," Mrs. Jones said, "I can't understand. He never misbehaves at home. He does whatever I tell him; never crosses me, never raises his voice."

"Doesn't that worry you?"

"Worry me!" There was electricity in the woman's question.

I spelled out my thoughts. "Mark's only sixteen," I told her. "Doesn't it worry you that he's so perfect?"

"Don't get me wrong, Doctor. Mark's all boy. He has his faults."

"Such as?"

She told me that she was a first-class cake baker. She was proud of her cakes. "But lately," she added, "I haven't had much luck with them on account of Mark."

She paused and I tossed in a question by way of prodding her on. "On account of Mark?"

"Whenever I put a cake in the oven," she explained, "I tell Mark so he won't make a lot of racket. Most of the time he forgets. He stomps across the kitchen, and my cake falls."

"Mrs. Jones," I said, "can you tell me more about Mark's faults?"

What Mrs. Jones had to tell eventually helped us to get to the bottom of her son's difficulties and to put them to rights.

In his heart, as the reader has probably guessed, Mark resented his mother. He resented what he sensed to be the over-directive and overprotective nature of her affection for him. He resented the fact that over the years she had raised doubts in his mind about his father, using him as a pawn in a long-

standing feud with a husband whom she neither loved nor respected.

Mark had reacted to his hatred of his mother the way a child almost always does. He had refused to admit it even to himself. He had literally buried it in that deep vault within us all that we call the unconscious.

As often happens with powerful emotions, the hate refused to stay buried. It expressed itself in little ways of which Mark was not even aware—as, for example, when, fully understanding his mother's pride in her cakes, he stomped across the kitchen when she had one in the oven. In short, Mark's excessive devotion to his mother was unconscious acting. It was his way of hiding from himself, and from her, the fact that his real feeling for her was one of profound hostility.

Hostility is a word psychiatrists often use because it shows up regularly as a component in the emotionally produced illnesses it is our job to treat. It is not a subject that I would put on the agenda of an evening shindig, but it is one worthy of our daytime attention. Only recently a newspaper reporter said to me, "Doc, ever hear of hostilities?" To which I replied, accurately enough, "Hear of them, fellow? I has 'em."

We all "has 'em." They seem to be part and parcel of our mutual heritage, going back to prehistoric times. Our remote ancestors had to be hostile toward one another. They had to fight one another to keep alive.

Today, things are turned around. In our kind of civilization, we have to get along. We have to learn how *not* to fight one another. As religion has taught us for at least two thousand years, our situation, to borrow the title of Dr. Smiley Blanton's best-selling book, is "love or perish." The nuclear scientists have made this uncomfortably clear. Thanks to them, we face the possibility of finding ourselves with no earth for the meek to inherit, unless . . .

Unless we learn to control our hostilities.

A little understanding of them will take us a long way toward this, a brief consideration, that is, of such questions as:

What are hostilities?

How do they develop in us?

How can we control them and how can we help our children learn control?

Hostility is like hate, but it is not the same thing because hate is a sharp emotion that comes and goes, whereas hostility tends to go on and on. The word hostility puts us in mind of aggression, an attack on somebody or something. Again we are speaking of different things. Aggression is an outright action. Hostility can be passive, an inward smouldering that never quite bursts into flame. Anger and fear play a part in it, but they too are different. When we lose our tempers or become frightened, we know it. Hostility can be present without our realizing its existence or at best realizing it only in a hazy way.

By way of a working definition then, let us call hostility a sort of chronic desire to cut some person, some group of persons, or some institution down to size.

Hostility can be developed. Obviously a child brought up by parents prejudiced against this racial group or that is likely to grow up sharing their feelings. As everybody knows, this type of hostility frequently masquerades as conviction. Everyone of us likes to think that his points of view are based on thought. Actually many of our points of view, and especially the hostile ones, are the products of emotion. In other words, the feelings come first. After which, by way of convincing ourselves that we are reasonable men, we concoct arguments and select facts to support them.

Hostility can grow out of almost any kind of emotional tension and especially out of feelings of inferiority—the tendency of a person, that is, to compare himself to others in a way unfavorable to himself.

Inferiority feelings are not necessarily deplorable. They add up to simple humility. If, as a doctor, I feel inferior to symphony conductors, that's normal. I should! If, on the other hand, I feel inferior to a medical colleague who is doing better than I, my reaction can take one of two forms—a sensible form or an irrational form.

If I choose the sensible way, I'll hit the books, work harder, and try to catch up with my superior colleague. If I choose the irrational, I'll take the easier course of resenting him and doing all I can to hold him down.

More often than not, hostility develops in childhood and by a process more subtle and more indirect than those which have been mentioned.



PHOTOS BY JACQUES LOWE

Excellent books have been written about this process; here we have only space enough to highlight in a general way.

Every child needs development in four areas. He needs physical development, and it is my impression that most parents do a good job in this department. He needs intellectual and spiritual development, and in these areas parents have the assistance of school and church. Finally, he needs emotional development, and in this area many American children are suffering serious neglect.

The emotional needs of the child are obvious. To be brief, he needs love, care, sympathy, and understanding. He needs the assurance that he isn't being militated against, that someone else is not being preferred over him. He needs the security of discipline. Fair and just discipline, of course. The child wants to be cuddled and petted, yes; he also wants to be corrected now and then. All he asks is that he be corrected for doing wrong, that is for *his* sake; and not because Mama is out of sorts or Papa has had a bad day at the office, which is to say for *their* sake.

As the child grows older, he needs the self-confidence which comes of be-

ing allowed to take on more and more responsibility. Sooner or later, sooner than some parents seem able to realize, he needs to be let alone, to fend for himself.

If any one of these emotional needs is neglected, the child experiences acute unhappiness. He either flees into daydreams to get away from this unhappiness; or he fights it. Sometimes the fight takes the form of resenting the source of his unhappiness, namely one or both of his parents.

Does the child express this, does he lash out at his parents? Hardly ever. The child is keenly aware of being a very small creature in a very large world. As he sees it, only his parents stand between him and the unknown terrors of that world. Rather than risk losing their support and protection, he represses his hostility. He puts it out of consciousness, buries it in unconsciousness.

At which point, the mischief begins. Emotion is a kind of energy. Like all energy, it cannot be destroyed, repress it how you will.

It can change its form. Water can be converted into steam, and sixteen-year-old Mark Jones's repressed hostility toward his mother can be converted into excessive devotion to her.

A child can express hostility in subtle ways—like forgetting to be quiet while mother bakes

Like energy, emotion can change its direction. A river (energy) can be diverted into another channel. By the same token, what begins in childhood as repressed hostility toward a parent can reappear later as hostility toward something else—toward some other person, that is, or a group of persons or an institution.

Hence the justice of the remark, "He hates himself," with which we sometimes describe a hostile individual. His hostility is irrational because the reason for it resides not in the thing he hates but in himself.

The Bible offers a clear example, of course, in the drama of the brothers Cain and Abel. When Cain saw that Abel's sacrifice was acceptable to God and that his was not, he took Abel into the field "and slew him."

If hostility always took this violent form, most of us would be in jail. Sometimes it does. Murder and brutality have been known to be its end products. During a long practice, however, I have seen hostility put on every kind of mask.

Sometimes it puts on an even gentler expression. Alvin, to coin a name for a patient of years past, had Mark's problem—a mother who had so wrapped him in apron strings that at the age of twenty-two he was a pathetically listless young man, fast closing the door on reality and retiring into the fantasy-world of the schizophrenic.

Although a wealthy woman with many social commitments, Alvin's mother made it a practice never to be away from home at night. "Somebody," she told me, "must see to it that my boy keeps his covers on." And later, "I've given Alvin everything," she said. "Everything." Her statement was true up to a point. She had given him everything except the one thing he most needed—to be let alone.

Alvin's attitude toward his mother was negative. He exhibited toward her neither affection nor its opposite, nor any other emotion. He talked about her only when he had to and he never called her by name. To him she was always "the mother," an expression he uttered in the tone of a bored soldier discussing his commanding officer. Only once, in the course of my talks with him, did his face light up and his voice take on resonance. It happened to mention Mahatma Gandhi, then guiding the destinies of India.

"A great man!" Alvin said in a unique burst of energy. "I can't tell you how

CATHEDRAL

From vaulted depths the towers rise and soar
In pinnacles and spires that pierce the blue,
So men may glimpse, in Gothic tracery,
Their prayer ascending to the infinite.
With upward gaze the heart attuned beholds
Imponderables carved in quarried stone,
While stained-glass radiance pours sacrament
On faith proclaimed aloft in ringing chimes.
In reverence the builders here have wrought
An affirmation of the spirit's quest;
An aspiration rendered visible—
The mortal thirst for immortality.

D. B. STEINMAN

I admire his policy of passive resistance."

Alvin was talking about himself. His hostility toward a destructive mother had taken the form of passive resistance.

Sometimes the mask wears a grin. Here I am reminded of a family situation encountered in the course of treating one of its members. The most noticeable thing about Madge, the patient, was that she was every inch a lady. Although a very sick woman, Madge was a delight to talk with because of the broadness of her interests.

She had four sisters, three brothers. They had been brought up by a hard-working couple under considerable economic strain. Only Madge had gone to college; only Madge had developed a pleasure in cultural things. The others called her "Lady Madge" and continuously teased her about what one of her brothers called "Lady Madge's hifalutin' tastes and affected ways. But you know how it is, Doctor," he added. "We don't mean anything by the teasing. It's just good-natured fun."

As a matter of fact, it was not "fun" for Madge for the simple reason that it was not "good-natured" on the part of her brothers and sisters. It was ill-natured. It reflected their underlying hostility toward Madge, their unconscious desire to bring her down to their level.

Hostility sometimes takes the form of touchiness. Psychologists often say of a touchy person that he has "ideas of reference." Tell him the weather is gloomy and he promptly assumes that you are really referring to his drab clothes or unprepossessing puss. Criticize another man's way of doing things and he is certain it is his own you have in mind.

Touchiness, and its variant—the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude—are frequently found in the hostile man. Nine times out of ten, they reflect the fact that he spent his childhood under the guidance

of overly-stern parents, parents whose endless criticism produced in him a feeling of inferiority. I often tell such patients the story of the chip-on-the-shoulder young man who, riding a train, got it into his head that the lady across the aisle was staring at him.

"Miss," he finally said, "are you by any chance giving me a funny look?"

To which the lady, after giving him a stabbing one, replied, "You have a funny look, young man, but I didn't give it to you."

It is my hope that this brief, in fact rather breathless, look at hostility has been sufficient to show that it is a potent source of trouble. Hostility is always a symptom of emotional immaturity; and the welfare of society rests on the degree to which we control it.

How can we do that? An important step, I believe, is to own up to the existence of our own hostilities. We all have them, and when we say otherwise we are kidding ourselves.

Emotions are much like reflexes. When the doctor taps your knee, up goes your leg. When someone slaps your face, up goes your Irish. There is, however, a fundamental difference between the simple reflex and the more complex emotional reaction. When the knee is tapped, there is only one thing the leg can do. When your face is slapped and your anger rises, you have a choice of actions. You can slap back or you can turn the other cheek.

The best way to control hostility, for my money, is to make a real effort to have compassion on other people no matter how much they provoke and annoy us. The most gratifying development of recent years is the extent to which the students of human behavior, working scientifically, have arrived at the ancient religious truths. Our hostilities hurt not only others, but ourselves; and when we control them we help ourselves and so demonstrate

that virtue is its own reward. It is often easy to overlook the apparent faults of those we love. When we can overlook the faults of those we hate, we are controlling our hostilities.

Hostility almost always reflects an attempt to direct blame away from ourselves and onto others. Things go wrong in the shop and the carpenter kicks the board on which he is working. Between that irrational action and those prejudices, grudges, and pet peeves we all harbor there is only a difference of degree. When things go haywire and you feel the itch to blame "them"—those awful people—count ten! And while you're counting, reflect a little on the mote in your own eye.

Since hostilities usually incubate in childhood, it follows that parents have a job to do. One problem facing parents is that they do not begin their work from scratch. Into their marriage and parenthood they bring the after-effects of the emotional neglects suffered in their own childhood.

One of their hardest jobs is to see to it that these are not "taken out" on the children. Papa, let us say, spent much of his boyhood feuding with a bullying older brother. When Papa's first son is born, there is a danger that he will renew the feud—only now, since his brother is absent, he'll renew it with his son. Over the years, I have encountered a great deal of family misery arising out of the tendency of some parents to treat their children like brothers and sisters, instead of like sons and daughters.

A child needs praise. It is a farseeing parent who remembers that. Praise is as vital to the child's emotional growth as food to his physical growth.

A child needs respect. He desperately needs the feeling that his parents are doing their level best to understand what kind of person he is and to treat him accordingly. Book-worm Johnny is in for hard times when he begins to sense that his athletic father would be happier if Johnny had less brains and more brawn. Ditto for Tomboy Mary whose fastidious mother never lets her forget that she would have preferred a dainty, doll-like daughter. All the busyness of our mental hospitals cannot measure the suffering that comes from the attempt of parents to fit square children into round holes and vice versa.

One last point, before we drop the curtain on our troubled drama. To labor the obvious, hostility has its uses. It serves us well when it is directed at such real evils as brutality and injustice. So directed it becomes a force for good, provided, of course, we express it in the spirit of the little saying most of us learned in childhood—"Hate the sin, but love the sinner!"

YOUTH ADORES



ED LETTAU

'Love is a strong, new emotion in youth,' says Rev. Joseph Bernier. And he is capturing it for Christ with his Youth Adorers

by ELIZABETH P. GREENE

DURING THIS COMING MONTH, at least 22,000 teenagers and young adults will each offer a Holy Hour to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. They are members of the Catholic Youth Adoration Society and of the Senior Catholic Youth Adoration Society, and their Eucharistic devotion is due largely to the efforts of one man—a person many of them have never seen.

Reverend Joseph Bernier, S.S.S., a tall, middle-aged priest who speaks with a slight French-Canadian accent, has spent the last nine years of his life introducing youth to the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

It all started in 1948, when Father Bernier was moderator of the Sodality at St. Jean Baptiste High School for girls in New York City. Since the congregation of priests to which

Father Bernier belongs is dedicated to the spread of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, Father was naturally concerned with communicating interest in this devotion to the young teen-age members of his Sodality.

The only question was: how? Then, somebody suggested a Eucharistic Holy Hour. Thanks to Father Bernier's deep understanding of the psychology of his Sodality members, the first Holy Hour aroused tremendous enthusiasm. "Let's make this a regular thing," the girls urged. "Maybe we could even invite the kids from other Manhattan high schools to join us."

The idea of a Holy Hour for the students from all of Manhattan's Catholic high schools intrigued the young priest. He set the date for the next Holy Hour and set out on a speaking tour of the schools. He talked to the teenagers about love—the love which Christ has for them and how that love is abused and never returned by so many.

"Love is a strong, new emotion in youth," Father Bernier maintains. "Capture it for Christ and there will be little need to worry about the soul's future." The traveling and talking were over, the publicity out, and the Holy Hour scheduled for 3:00 P.M. the following day. All there remained to do was to wait.

(Continued on page 78)



Sundays at home, Hugo reads to the children while Maria gets dinner



At the Mahle K.G. piston factory in Stuttgart-Cannstadt, Hugo Beiswanger works as a painter. Above, he jokes with a co-worker

A Sign Picture Story

GERMAN FAMILY

Politics, religion, work, and frugal living are the main concerns of this German Catholic family

The lot of Hugo Beiswanger is fairly typical of that of most adult Germans who survived World War II. A veteran, Hugo was wounded on the Russian front, made it back to Germany on the last Red Cross ship to leave Koenigsberg, and finally surrendered to U. S. forces. Now 38, Hugo lives quietly, if frugally, with his wife Maria and their children—Margarete, 11, Dorothea, 8, and Bruno, 5—in a small, four-room, rented house in the town of Hofen, near Stuttgart. A skilled worker, Hugo earns 400 marks a month (4.2 marks to the dollar) as a painter at the Mahle K.G. piston factory in Stuttgart-Cannstadt. With thrift, he can afford a few small luxuries on his salary: a sewing machine for his wife (735 marks); an ice box for the kitchen (545 marks); and decent furniture for the house (1,300 marks). Other big items include: rent—65 marks; taxes, including national health insurance—64 marks; weekly household expenses—60 marks. The thrift comes in the form of making do. Hugo raises much of the family food on a small plot of ground a mile out of town; Maria makes most of the family clothes. But all of the family's concerns are not material ones. Keenly aware politically, Hugo is an ardent Christian Democrat. And when it comes to religion, he is clearly the leader in the family. This, feel the Beiswangers, is simply as it should be.

Photographs by Jacques Lowe



Saying grace is a ritual that takes 10 minutes, ends with hymn of thanks



Children's night prayers last 20 minutes, also end with hymn

Sunday evening, Maria's sister and her husband come for visit





The Beiswangers stop after Sunday Mass to talk with Pastor Philip Ruf at their parish church, St. Barbara's. It is the only Catholic church in a wide area and was built by the Dukes of Baden-Wuerttemberg, who attended Mass in this church

For the Beiswanger children, life is better than it was for the parents

The Beiswanger children—Bruno, Dorothea, and Margarete—have many things easier than their parents had before them. Margarete, for example, attends a middle school where she will learn four languages and plenty of math and science. When she finishes at the age of sixteen, she will be ready for university study. Before the war, this was almost unthinkable. If you had gone to public school, your children went there, too, and their children after them. Thanks to her parents' thrift, Margarete is also able to take music lessons. Meanwhile, her younger sister, Dorothea, is in third grade at a public school and Bruno, the baby of the family, attends a Catholic kindergarten run by the Vincentian Sisters. If they do well in their studies, they will follow Margarete to middle school. At home, the children are expected to share in the chores. The girls take care of their room and clothes and Bruno—well, Bruno is a boy.



Dorothea, 8, holds music book for Margarete, 11, as she practices her lessons on the recorder, a flute-type instrument whose history goes back to medieval times



At Kindergarten, Sister Firma puts a question to Bruno, who seems stumped



On the way home from the public school, Dorothea stops to play with schoolmates



Over tea, Mrs. Beiswanger hears Margarete's middle school biology lesson



Mrs. Beiswanger works steadily making and repairing clothes for the family. High priced clothes make sewing machine a necessary luxury



Bruno runs on ahead while Dad and friend carry fence post for family's plot

Old and young, the Beiswangers reflect the deep German love of hard work

Work, for Hugo Beiswanger as for most Germans, is more than that minimum of activity necessary to earn a living and preserve a modicum of order at home. For him, it is closer to being a consuming passion, the natural expression of an inner drive to put his stamp on the material world about him. Thus, Hugo complains about the law that prevents him from working overtime at the factory. (By law, he now works 45 hours for 48 hours pay. He used to work 60.) The free time he now has is used for odd jobs at home: repairs, waxing, etc. working his acre plot outside town. And he gladly helps out with heavy jobs at home: repairs, waxing, etc. His wife, Maria, is also continually on the go, cleaning, fixing meals, hearing the children's lessons, and sewing the family's clothes. Even the grandparents (Klara is 67; Karl is 72.) in the family still insist on keeping trim by working their own small farm, where they keep two cows, two pigs, and some chickens and raise corn, wheat, and fruit. A passion for work, it seems, is an aspect of the German character that even age cannot erase.



The Beiswanger grandparents, Klara and Karl, still maintain their own small farm. Here, Klara leads the cows while Karl spreads fertilizer from cart they are pulling

WHO WATCHES RELIGIOUS TV?

With TV ratings topping even the biggest video stars, it's time to ask a few questions about the audience-pulling power of religious television

by REV. TIMOTHY J. FLYNN

Now that so many TV personalities are falling by the wayside for lack of audience and poor ratings, it is no surprise that religious broadcasters are casting an anxious glance at their own audience drawing power.

Last year at a convention of Catholic broadcasters held in Boston, a station manager insisted on talking just to the clergy present, and behind closed doors at that, to state a thesis he didn't care to expound in public—that religious TV programs were in the main talking to themselves. Not much audience, it seems. But it was said privately. One doesn't speak slightly in loud tones of religious undertakings.

Nevertheless, there are some annoyingly persistent questions that religious telecasters must face sooner rather than later:

How well does religious television compare to commercially sponsored programs in audience ratings?

What are some of the obstacles to effective religious television?

Where do Catholic efforts stand in the general picture?

If zeal, self-sacrifice, and devotion could guarantee an audience, the telecasts of these electronic apostles would be well followed indeed, for this is a dedicated group and one far from lacking in skill. And they are a persevering lot. Last year a general survey of Catholic programming in the United States established that they pour into the public airways a goodly amount of programming of various types and formats, although their programs are concentrated on Sundays and mainly in the morning hours. What obviously was needed to round out the picture was some indication of the audience their efforts attract.

Sometime ago, Trendex, one of the nationally recognized rating agencies, completed a study of the religious TV

program audience that gives an answer to the audience question and in effect takes the Boston station manager's hushed comments out from behind closed doors.

The study was conducted in fifteen cities on two Sundays and was based on a sampling in excess of 1,500 calls the first Sunday and 2,000 the second, a substantial sampling for any rating agency. The following are the percentage of those called who watched these religious shows on one of the Sundays:

<i>Oral Roberts</i>	11.6
<i>Christophers</i>	7.2
<i>Christian Science Hour</i>	7.2
<i>Catholic Hour</i>	4.3
<i>Faith for Today</i>	4.3
<i>Humbarb Family</i>	2.9
<i>Speer Group</i>	2.9
<i>11:00 A.M. Service</i>	2.9
<i>Rev. Henegen</i>	2.9
<i>This is the Life</i>	1.4
<i>Lamp Unto My Feet</i>	1.4
<i>Look Up and Live</i>	1.4
<i>Twenty Various Other Programs</i>	28.0

Trendex also asked: "Have you or any member of your family viewed a religious television program today?" To this question, 14.1 per cent answered in the affirmative and 85.9 per cent said no.

On the other hand, when the interviewees were asked whether religious shows were watched in their homes frequently, seldom, or never, 38.4 per cent answered frequently, 42.8 per cent said seldom, and 17.5 per cent answered never. A final group amounting to 1.3 per cent said they didn't know.

From these figures, it is hard to judge exactly how large the religious TV audience is on a typical Sunday. The discrepancy between those who had actually watched religious television that day (14.1 per cent) and those who

claimed they watched it frequently (38.4 per cent) is striking. The smaller figure is probably a more accurate reflection of the actual audience.

As for the ratings given individual shows, at first glance they appear appallingly low. But in interpreting them, we must take account of the fact that most of the shows follow a Sunday morning schedule—a time slot when few of the nation's TV sets are turned on. For example, while *The Catholic Hour's* over-all rating was 4.3, it actually was tuned in by 19.6 per cent of the viewers who had their sets turned on. There is the added factor that some of the shows were not appearing in all of the fifteen cities surveyed, a factor which would tend to deflate the ratings.

It is impossible, therefore, to use this survey as an index of the quality of any of the shows listed. Given ideal conditions—a better time slot and complete coverage of all fifteen cities—the ratings of any one of them would conceivably be much higher.

However, this medium was selected as an area of activity because of its mass communications nature, and even Catholic broadcasters must ultimately use human norms of judgment about the effectiveness of their work. No matter how you work the figures, they are not impressive when viewed as a percentage of the total TV viewing public. In fact, they are miniscule in an industry that speaks of its audience with tireless frequency in the millions.

On completion of the survey, one of the executives of Trendex commented that if these programs are to be judged on the same basis as commercial TV productions, then the results obtained do not make the effort worthwhile. In other words, religious television for a multiplicity of reasons is simply not reaching the vast audiences presumably reachable through television.



ED LETTAU

On the favorable side of the ledger, there are two points to be made. Nobody can estimate the intensive effect on the minds of viewers made by a religious broadcast. A sermon is intended as an occasion of God's grace. So too is any form of Catholic broadcasting. And grace is something no rating agency or broadcaster can measure. The hopeful sign is that almost any of the broadcasters can produce reams of appreciative and highly personal mail.

Furthermore, it is clear that religious television is reaching audiences that could never be reached through other media available to the Church. In the Trendex survey, an attempt was made to find out the religious complexion of the audience. On the first Sunday of the survey, when all three network religious programs were Catholic, the audience was found to be highly diversified. For *Lamp Unto My Feet*, it was 30 per cent Catholic and 70 per cent Protestant; for *Look Up and Live*, it was 33.3 per cent Catholic and 66.7 Protestant; for *The Catholic Hour*, 64 per cent Catholic and 36 per cent Protestant. Jewish viewers turned up infrequently and an insignificant percentage refused to divulge their religious affiliation. But the telltale fact is that the Catholic TV program, as small as its audience may be, reaches a public unreachable to the Catholic press.

But the final fact in this sobering study is this, that the vast majority of the religious program audience seems incapable of identifying the religious denomination represented on the religious program viewed. On the second Sunday of the study, Trendex attempted to discover whether the religious denomination represented on the program could be identified. Because of the small sample of the public found view-

ing any one program, it was not possible to obtain a definitive answer. But the study did reveal that, taking all religious programs together, 67.4 per cent of the people interrogated claimed they could not identify the religious denomination represented on the program they had viewed; 32.6 per cent ventured an answer to this question, the accuracy of their answer aside. In this latter percentage the largest number of replies referred to programs whose title specified a denomination.

While some Catholic and Protestant programs would be in this latter category, the indication that large percentages of viewers cannot remember the sponsoring denomination is disquieting to say the least. The object of religious television is to aid in the Church's mission of saving souls; if viewers cannot remember the sponsoring denomination, the value of the whole effort is cast into question. At this point, however, the matter of church identification is far from being fully substantiated. But it is an area that merits further, careful study.

If the Catholic television picture seems bleak, some account must be taken of the problems faced by the zealous, self-sacrificing group of people who have made it a reality, albeit young and struggling.

For one thing, the industry itself is still too much inclined to insist on an over-all title and format for the religious programs of various denominations, thus tending to submerge to some degree the religious identity of the broadcaster and underline the almost subconscious impulse to emphasize the broad, commonly held truths rather than the identifying features of the Faith. This is an unwarranted incursion by the industry into the theological field.

For another, most of the time offered

by TV stations for religious programming is in the early hours—nonsalable time. One could be pardoned for feeling that the invitation to broadcast is, at times, little more than an invitation to come to the studio and fill air time, as a means of complying with the well-known and quite proper regulations of the Federal Communications Commission. In short, religious broadcasters can forget about using prime time until they are prepared to pay heavily for the privilege.

Finally, the great variety of Catholic television programming originating from stations all over the country, like Topsy, "just grewed," and is not the result of centralized planning or control. In fact, taken as a whole, it is a highly uncoordinated effort responding to no over-all direction and receiving little or no guidance on the grass roots level. Future progress will depend on the type of national coordination that develops.

In addition, there are new fields to conquer. The syndicated programs, so prominent in the Catholic radio picture, have not to any notable degree been transferred to television. Although filmed programs offer the most flexible and rewarding opportunity in television, we Catholics have done little in this line compared to other religious denominations.

But then religious television is still young and there is time yet for growth. Catholic broadcasters might well reflect that, if it is not just a question of using this medium but of using it well, then much remains to be done by both the industry and the broadcasters.

REV. TIMOTHY J. FLYNN, director of Radio and Television Communications for the Archdiocese of New York, based this article on surveys taken by his office and Trendex. Father Flynn is former chaplain of the Catholic Center at New York University.

STAGE AND SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



Above: Ann Blyth strikes a typical Morgan pose in the filmed version of "The Helen Morgan Story"

Left: Shalimar, famed romantic gardens in the Vale of Kashmir, are seen in "Search for Paradise," fourth Cinerama presentation

Right: Jon Provost and Roger Nakagawa hide from their pursuers in the Pagoda at Nara in a scene from "Escapade in Japan"

Reviews in Brief

Ann Blyth's portrayal of the complex night-club singer is the striking highlight of **THE HELEN MORGAN STORY** and is certain to place her in direct competition for this year's Academy Award. While the role itself is less than attractive and the reasons for sympathy hardly valid, there is a maudlin sentimentality in the script which may well appeal to some adults. The Prohibition era, in which Helen Morgan played so vivid a role, supplies some well-worn nostalgia, and the production values are all excellent. But it is the cast, Miss Blyth, Paul Newman, Richard Carlson, and others, who provide the principal compensations in this drama. (Warner Bros.)

In its fourth Cinerama presentation, the Lowell Thomas process which revolutionized the motion picture goes far afield to the Hunza Valley, the Vale of Kashmir, and the Kingdom of Nepal on the "Roof of the World." **SEARCH**

FOR PARADISE sets out with two Air Force men on furlough to find a modern Shangri-La, where there will be no stress, nor worry nor strain, and presumably no income taxes. It's a large, practically impossible, order but it does provide the Cinerama cameras with new and exotic backgrounds for the expected quota of thrills. Most of these are forthcoming as the cameras run the rapids of the Upper Indus River, a stirring experience which the average moviegoer will long remember. Capping the fantastic production is the coronation of King Mahendra of Nepal, a pageant of fabulous pomp and splendor. As in the case of the first Cinerama productions, this is a decidedly worthwhile family attraction.

Remakes being the fashion, it was inevitable that **MY MAN GODFREY** would appear on the list. Those who recall the 1936 farce, in which William Powell, Carole Lombard, and Gail Patrick starred so successfully, will be somewhat disappointed in the current version of the Eric Hatch novel. Miscasting is the primary flaw, for June Allyson and David

Niven fail to capture the essential notes in the amusing story of a wealthy family's relationship with their unique butler. In abler acting grips this would have stood the test of time, even though butlers have become a vanishing race, but Miss Allyson's persistent coyness and Niven's excessively arch portrayal of the man-at-the-door are more annoying than amusing. (Universal-International)

For some obscure reason a motion picture has been developed around the career and romances of one Joe E. Lewis, a night-club comic with a flair for vulgar repartee. **THE JOKER IS WILD** stars Frank Sinatra, Jeanne Crain, and Mitzi Gaynor. Their participation cannot overcome the banalities of the plot nor the extremely questionable attempt to glamorize Lewis. Miss Crain must find assignments difficult to come by these days, for her role is a most unattractive one. There are the usual suggestive night-club routines and a false concept of marriage in this dull and uninspired fiasco. (Paramount)

ESCAPADE IN JAPAN is a thoroughly delightful story of two boys, a seven-year-old American and a nine-year-old Japanese, "on their own" in Japan. The American lad is a survivor of an ocean plane crash rescued by the fisherman father of the Japanese boy. Together they set out to find the parents of the tow-haired Yankee. Filmed entirely in Japan, the production combines the unusual beauty of the Nipponese backgrounds with the considerable appeal of



Jon Provost and Roger Nakagawa, as the wandering boys. Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell, Phillip Ober, and a cast of native players are helpful, but this enjoyable family comedy is memorable because of two natural and winning youngsters. (RKO-Radio)

THREE FACES OF EVE is an intriguing psychological drama based on a clinical document prepared by two Georgia doctors. Over a period of years they observed the actions and personality changes of a young woman, victim of a rare mental aberration known as multiple personality. Eve White is a drab, unimaginative housewife who begins to have periods of blackout during which she behaves in flagrantly uncharacteristic fashion. She becomes, in these sessions, a completely different person. In time the psychiatrists realize that she actually possesses three personalities. Interpreted with rare artistry by Joanne Woodward, the story is fascinating, though marred somewhat by the intrusion of comedy touches which have no place in a serious

study of this nature. There are several unfortunately suggestive scenes and an acceptance of divorce to contend with, plus a basic doubt that material of this type rightfully belongs on the screen. (20th Century-Fox)

JOHNNY TROUBLE is based on an interesting idea but doesn't always measure up to it. Ethel Barrymore is starred as an elderly invalid, living in a college town hotel, hoping that the son who had disappeared twenty-seven years before will one day return. When the hotel is sold and transformed into a college dormitory she stays on, protected by an ironclad lease. A boy whom she believes to be her grandson and the girl with whom he becomes involved figure prominently in the plot, which ranges from unabashed sentimentality to 1930-vintage playwriting. However, it does have entertaining moments, and the presence of Miss Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway, Stuart Whitman, and Carolyn Jones is a guarantee of intelligent performance in this adult drama. (Warner Bros.)

PAL JOEY in Technicolor, lavish decor, and stereophonic sound is no less sordid and unattractive than when the John O'Hara story originally bowed on Broadway. An effort has been made to make the principal character less repulsive, but Joey is a difficult heel to be easily resoled. Frank Sinatra, Rita Hayworth, and Kim Novak gear their performances to the mood of the story. The Richard Rodgers score is far superior to the sly lyrics supplied by Lorenz Hart. This is not recommended for any audience. (Columbia)

THE STORY OF MANKIND is based on Hendrik Van Loon's concise treatise, blending fiction with fact in a solemn panorama of history from the Pleistocene Age to the H-bomb era. Utilizing some standard elements of fantasy in its presentation, the film presents a celestial trial in which the Spirit of Man and Satan argue the issue of whether mankind should survive the bomb. Traveling back through time, they recreate the great moments of good and evil. While there are several large areas of disagreement with the Van Loon interpretations of history, the film does achieve a vibrancy and dramatic power from time to time. Included in the all-star cast, most of whom have fleeting roles, are Ronald Colman, Hedy Lamarr (not a very wise choice for the role of Joan of Arc), the Marx Brothers, Agnes Moorehead, Virginia Mayo, Vincent Price, Charles Coburn, and many others. The result is engrossing, occasionally disputable, and a fascinating project. (Warner Bros.)

The New Plays

A Broadway revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **CAROUSEL**, with Howard Keel, Barbara Cook, and Marie Powers (*Dynamic Diva*, *THE SIGN*, December 1950) in the starring roles, has set the stage for another theater season. Produced by Jean Dahrymple at the City Center, it is imaginatively staged, sung with especial brilliance, and serves as an additional reminder that the R & H brand is the finest in the current musical theater.

After a brief off-Broadway run, **SIMPLY HEAVENLY**, a musical folk comedy by Langston Hughes, has been established in more professional surroundings. Though the story has some wit and the score is moderately effective, this is more a series of character sketches than a well-ordered, cohesive play. The all-Negro cast is exceptionally good but is hampered by a lack of material. Further, the script approval of divorce and remarriage is less than acceptable for the Catholic audience.



WIDE WORLD

ROCKNE
"My friend, we smelled"



SCHMIDT
A small cry of triumph



HICKMAN
"Ye call me chief . . ."



TATUM
Anything for the school

UNITED PRESS PHOTOS

*There is some debate about whether the lessons of character, leadership, and this article, is that football demands duty usually required only of monks to zany behavior **ON THE** expected of guys who will entrust in their stomachs and rocks in their*

AFTER THE GAME, Knute Rockne was the last to leave the dressing room. He trudged out into the darkening cold of November twilight, coat collar turned up around his ears, his gray hat with its oddly oversized crown jammed down over angry eyes. He was bitterly, savagely disappointed. For five Saturdays running, the Notre Dame football team had seemed unbeatable but this afternoon Rock's dreams of a national championship had crumbled as he saw his floundering scholars tied, 7 to 7, by a Minnesota team he had expected them to trample.

"Hey, Rock!"

Most of the crowd had departed but here came a straggler tacking unsteadily across the almost deserted parking field, lee rail awash.

"Hey, Rock!" the man said in blurred accents. "Boy, were you terrible today! The fightin' Irish, eh? Why, those bums—"

The coach wheeled on him furiously. "Did you pay your way in?"

"Did I pay my way in!" Out of every pocket the stranger fished ticket stubs, fistfuls of stubs. They fluttered to earth, a blizzard of pasteboard. "Did I pay my way in! Mine and who else's?"

Rock did lightning multiplication in his head. Behind his narrowed eyes, rueful laughter twinkled. He laid a companionable hand on the stranger's arm.

"My friend," he said, "you are entirely correct. We smelled."

They strode off, shoulder to shoulder. Football is truly the grandest of amateur sports.

Football builds character, say the

coaches of losing teams. Football instills qualities of leadership, says the coach who has a good quarterback. Football, say the moralists, teaches lessons of sacrifice, co-operation, and unselfishness; it profits the participant physically, spiritually, and intellectually. On this latter point, at least one voice has been lifted in dissent.

The voice belonged to Joe H. Palmer, who instructed undergraduates at Kentucky and Michigan in the principles of their native tongue before he went square and became racing editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

While doing his stretch in the classroom, Mr. Palmer testified, he had a considerable number of football players in his courses. Noting that some of the shrewdest of quarterbacks couldn't read a paragraph without facial contortions, he became suspicious of the intellectual benefits derived from the game.

As to the physical aspect of it, Mr. Palmer argued that if being dashed violently against the hard and frozen earth were good for one's health, more doctors would prescribe it.

Mr. Palmer was reluctant to snoop into the moral standards of his students, but he did happen to know that some of the boys who were being paid to inspect the campus for wild elks frequently neglected their duties. Moreover, they sometimes missed tackles on Saturday.

This seems to dispose of the mental, moral, and physical qualities of our most popular undergraduate pastime, but there is one thing that can be said for football without fear of contradiction: It does drive coaches daffy.

boy scouts or football coaches do a better job of instilling
 and unselfishness in their charges. What is beyond debate, says
 and a degree of **ASCETICISM** and devotion to
 onk Which may or may not explain why football coaches are given
 IE **GRIDIRON** and off. Anyhow, what more can be
 rus their livelihoods to immature quarterbacks with butterflies
 hei heads? At least, so says the inimitable **RED SMITH**

When Francis Schmidt was coaching at Ohio State, he drove his car into a filling station and remained at the wheel while the machine was lifted on the grease rack. A creative mood came upon him. Fishing a notebook from the glove compartment, he set to diagramming plays, absorbed with his little x's and o's. Under his hurrying pencil, a wonderful maneuver unfolded, a double reverse off the fullback spinner with a forward pass culminating in a tricky lateral.

With a small cry of triumph, Mr. Schmidt flung open the car door and plunged twelve feet to the concrete.

None of his coachly brethren who heard this tale considered his behavior in any degree abnormal. "Did he ever get to use the play?" they inquired solicitously. "How did it work?"

Similarly, coaches everywhere expressed sympathetic understanding of the curious aberration experienced by Herman Hickman in his first season as resident genius at Yale. Herman had been around, as player, coach, professional wrestler, schoolboy elocutionist and postgraduate orator, television star, poet and raconteur. Somehow, though, all his aplomb deserted him on the day of the Harvard game.

Maybe he was dashed by the cathedral solemnity with which potbellied alumni regarded a childish diversion. Perhaps he was awed by the mystical dedication of the parishioners gathered by tens of thousands on the steep slopes of the stadium.

Anyhow, Herman stood facing his starry-eyed troops and they sat awaiting his magic words. His lips parted and no sound issued. He gulped, groped,

and his mind went blank. Then he heard a voice that he could scarcely recognize as his own:

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met in the arena. . ." Out of his sinful past as boy elocutionist had come the speech of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," and that was all that did come. Still bedazzled by this irrelevant eloquence, the Yales kicked off and on the first play from scrimmage Harvard went eighty yards for a touchdown.

What Izaak Walton wrote of angling is almost certainly true of coaching football, that "it is somewhat like Poetry" and "men are to be born so—I mean with inclinations to it." In other words, if a guy's going to depend for his livelihood on a job that requires entrusting his pay check each Saturday to an immature quarterback with butterflies in his stomach and rocks in his head, then the chances are he'll show traces of eccentricity in his youth. A tale that is told of Jim Tatum's salad days offers a case in point.

In the flower of his youth, James Moore Tatum, of McColl, S. C., was a large lump of tackle at the University of North Carolina, where he is coaching now after distinguished service at Oklahoma and Maryland.

Carolina—the story goes—was slogging through an afternoon of bruising frustration against a powerful rival in its own section—Wake Forest, maybe, or Clemson or North Carolina State. Thunderous crashes echoed across the piney sandhills as the combatants heaved and wrestled, fighting it out between the thirty-yard lines.

To fans and players alike, it seemed probable that if one team could mount a major offensive, the momentum alone would be sufficient to produce a touchdown and a triumph. During a time-out period, an apprentice Napoleon in North Carolina's ranks drew Tatum aside.

"Look, Jim," he said, "you're loyal to the old school, ain't you?"

"I love the old school!" Jim said.

"You'd make a sacrifice to he'p us win, Jim?"

"All the min here," Jim said, "know I'd do anything to he'p 'em win."

"Well, then, Jim, listen. That big guy playing opposite you is a Southron gentleman same like you, Jim. When we line up again, you look him plumb in the eye and tell him he's a low-down, no-good, po-white, heap o' cotton-pickin' trash, right to his face. He'll slug you, Jim, like any Southron gentleman would and they'll get penalized half the distance to the goal and we'll take it from there. Now, don't argue, Jim. It's for the school."

"For the school," Jim said, and he did as bidden.

He woke up sputtering, with the trainer sloshing water in his face. Beaming down on him was his Machiavellian playmate.

"Whu—whu—what happen?"

"You were great, Jim," the strategist crowed. "It went exactly the way we planned. Except . . ."

The voice took on a tone at once jubilant and conspiratorial.

"Except we completed a pass for a touchdown on that play, Jim—and declined the penalty."

A Laughing Matte

by Dorothy Sanburn Phillips

As Mary Lou was saying good-by to Chris at the airport, she wished suddenly that she was not going home with her parents to have the baby. The original plan had been for her to go to the local hospital, which everyone in the university town used, and then back to the little basement apartment where she and Chris had lived the past year and a half since their marriage. That was what her friend Peg, who lived above them, had done when her baby was born.

Then one afternoon Mary Lou had felt ill. It was one of Chris's busy days—classes, work at the library. The apartment building seemed deserted, and panic had gripped her as she called the doctor. It had proved to be nothing. But on top of that incident, her father and mother had unexpectedly flown west.

"They're coming to take you back with them," Chris had said when the telegram arrived, adding with a smile, "so their grandchild can be born in the luxury to which he will not be accustomed."

"Oh, no!" she had protested. "They just want to see me and our place."

Her family had not wanted her to marry Chris. In fact, when she had arrived home that vacation from college with this strange and smiling Christopher Jones in his very old car, they had not taken him seriously. They had expected that Mary Lou would marry one of her other boy friends, preferably Ernie Roscoe down the street. When they realized that she, as well as Chris, was serious, they had brought forward all the arguments: she was too young; Chris had no means of livelihood, and if he went on to get an advanced degree as he planned, it would be a long while before he could support her; he had no family to help him out.

"I've six hundred dollars a year from my father's estate," Chris had said smiling—Mary Lou always said she had fallen in love with his smile. "Don't overlook that!"

Her parents had given in about the engagement. And when Chris had this offer of a teaching fellowship in a western university, and Mary Lou decided that she could not endure the miles between them, and Chris pro-

Mary Lou's parents only wanted her to be p
but happy in their way

Mary Lou became distraught. "If only that nurse were here," she said.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE CHAN



posed their getting married and making the trip west their honeymoon—they had given in again, but her father had said, "Of course, we'll give you an allowance."

"No subsidies," Chris had answered gaily, "either hidden or otherwise!"

"You're independent, Chris, and you're proud; you want to be on your own, and we admire you for it," her father had argued persuasively. "But you must think of Mary Lou."

"And what's wrong with our helping you out?" her mother had asked. "When we were first married, my father sent us money."

"This is our affair, Mary Lou's and mine," Chris had said firmly, "and we'll run it ourselves or not at all. You underestimate your daughter. I'm sure she has what it takes."

So her father and mother had had to content themselves with giving her a big wedding, silver and linen, a lovely trousseau, and a new car.

Everything had been wonderful: their "budget" honeymoon, stopping at not-so-grand motels, eating at quick lunch counters, the light in Chris's blue eyes, nights with the sound of passing cars mingling with the wind in the trees, and Chris close beside her. What fun it had settling their home, making new friends together—Peg and her family upstairs, the southern-born Mac and Sue Fisher. Mary Lou's days had been excitingly

full with experiments in cooking, the super market with Sue Fisher, the laundrette under Peg's tutelage, a part-time job typing for a professor, and sometimes baby-sitting for faculty wives when Chris was studying at the library. And if she over-ran the budget, Chris smiled, "Honey, you're doing wonderfully for a poor little rich girl!"

They had both been glad about the baby; they had saved for its arrival.

"No installment baby for us," Chris said, "He's going to be bought and paid for."

But there had been not-so-happy days—that afternoon when she had become frightened, mornings when she had to drag herself out of bed.

"You look tired," her mother had said during the discussion about her going home with them.

"I was up early this morning," she had explained. "It snowed last night and Chris had to clear the walks before classes . . ." She had broken off quickly, for she always played down the fact that she and Chris had this apartment rent free because he did janitor duty in the eight-family building. "And . . ." she had added lamely. "I gave him a good hot breakfast."

"You mean—in your condition—you—" Her mother's voice had been horrified. Chris had laughed.

"Sure. Every morning I haul her out

of bed and say 'Woman, get my breakfast, or else—!'"

"This is no laughing matter!" her father had turned upon him. "It's a question of Mary Lou's health, her baby, your baby!"

Chris had drawn himself erect.

"But isn't that the time to laugh—when it isn't laughing matter?"

And here she was at the airport going home with her parents.

It was the first time she and Chris had been separated since their marriage, and at the moment of parting she clung to him.

"I hope his nubs postpones his appearance," he remarked smiling, "till spring vacation, so his dad can be present."

Her father caught the last words.

"Of course, you'll come. We'll call you. You can hop the next plane."

"Sounds easy," answered Chris, "but I can't just run out on my job at a moment's notice—now I've a family to support." One more kiss, then they were going through the gate—and in a few moments Chris was left behind, far behind.

She missed him, of course, but it was pleasant to be once more in her room in the big house, to lie in bed in the morning and have Annie, the maid, bring her a tray, to see old friends, and, best of all, to have nothing to do.

As her father drove her to the hospital one early morning, with the dawn breaking, she kept repeating, "Tell Chris I'm okay. He doesn't have to come—till vacation."

But when she came to herself after the hours of pain and confusion, Chris was leaning over her.

"It's a boy," he whispered, "a beautiful baby, they tell me. I take their word for it, but I confess just at present he—" His eyes were twinkling.

"Fond parent," she murmured, then "How come you're here?"

"Your father phoned and I flew. I've got someone looking after the house and taking my section, and vacation begins next week. Everyone rallied around—I guess I needed it—you know, young father having his first baby."

They laughed together, and then her father and mother came in, and later a nurse with the beautiful baby.

In a few days she was home again, in the guest room with Chris, while her old room was given the baby, with a new crib, piles of clothes, and a nurse in attendance.

"That nurse will have to go," Chris said. "We've got to learn to look after him, and he's got to get used to us."

"Not yet, Chris!" she protested, "He's so little. It scares me."

"I'm scared, too, but we'll try and keep it from him."



Mary Lou was thoughtful as she went to the telephone

Mary Lou had never realized how much time a little baby can monopolize. Chris helped her, and to make it easier, he moved Robbie's crib into their room.

"At least, we feel he's ours," he said gaily, getting up at six in the morning to heat the bottle.

Because of the baby, they had to refuse a couple of invitations, and Mary Lou remarked thoughtfully to Chris, "It's funny mother didn't offer to look after Robbie."

"They're punishing us," he answered casually. "We wouldn't keep the nurse, so now we can jolly well look after the baby ourselves."

"Oh, no!" she was shocked, "They wouldn't do that! You're not fair to them!"

Chris made no answer.

That night the baby's wails awoke them, and Mary Lou's efforts to quiet him were of no avail, and she became distraught.

"If only that nurse were here—"

"Now is the time for father to walk the floor," Chris put in, his tone light.

In his arms, Robbie stopped sobbing and soon he was slumbering again in his crib. But Mary Lou lay awake, thinking of future days when she would be alone in the apartment with the baby, Chris at college, her mother and Annie far away. The prospect overwhelmed her.

So she was unprepared when the next evening Chris announced that his vacation was ending, they were going home on Saturday, he had reservations on a morning plane, Mac Fisher would meet them in his car.

"You mean," her mother said slowly, "you're taking Mary Lou and the baby with you?"

"You didn't expect me to leave them here, did you?" Chris answered jauntily.

"We thought—a little while longer. It's hard enough for her to look after the baby, but when she has to get meals and wash and clean—"

"You can't afford help, can you?" her father put in brusquely.

"I will help her," said Chris.

"You have your work and you're away most of the day, isn't he, Mary Lou?" She nodded dumbly.

"Mary Lou will be able to handle the situation, I'm sure," said Chris. "She has—so far."

"Why don't you think of her then, her health, her happiness, the welfare of your baby?"

"I am thinking of her and Robbie and our marriage. After all, our marriage is important to the three of us. And it ought to be important to you, too." His glance traveled from her father's menacing figure past her mother, sitting tense on the sofa, to

Mary Lou. "Well, what about it?"

For a moment she could not answer. She was thinking of mornings, tumbling out of bed to get breakfast, feeding Robbie, marketing, cleaning, that crowded bedroom, that inexorable budget. It was no longer a gay game, for now there was the baby, little, helpless.

"I do want to go with you, Chris," she said softly, "but perhaps it's because I was awake last night with him and got so bothered. It was hard before doing everything, but now—we have to think of the baby."

"Of course, it was hard," he said softly, "and it will be hard again, but it was fun, too, doing it together—and with the three of us—"

"Just a little while," she murmured.

"Okay," he answered dryly, "but remember, lady, two more weeks leave of absence, and not one extra day."

Later, alone in their room, he said, "I don't like this. It's an entering wedge between us, and that's what it's intended to be."

She blinked. "You think my mother and father . . ."

"Are trying to separate us? Exactly. And using our son."

"That isn't so! They're just thinking of me. They want me to be well and happy."

"Yes, happy in their way. Well," he gave a sigh, "it's up to you."

"Isn't it up to you, too," she retorted, "to understand and love me enough?"

"It's up to us both," he said gravely.

He put his arms around her, and, though she clung to him, she did not feel as close as in the past.

After his departure, she had unexpected assistance with Robbie from her mother, who even offered to baby-sit while Mary Lou went out with friends.

Several scribbled notes arrived from Chris: he was okay, but busy; everyone asked for her and the baby; all ending "Love to you and the kid."

Then the day before the two weeks were up, she awoke with the sniffles. Her mother, helped by Annie, insisted on attending to Robbie. When her father came in the evening, it was taken for granted that she would stay longer.

"Call Chris. He'll understand."

But Chris's voice was sharp over the telephone. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

Quickly she explained, "Oh, no, but they've kept the baby from me. It would be terrible if he caught cold."

"If you're really not up to it, I wouldn't have you make the trip. But, after all, we'll have colds and so will he. We can't isolate him. He's got to live—and with us."

"But he's so little. We have to think

of him. They say it would be foolish . . ."

"So it's their decision? I see. Mary Lou, I said two weeks and I meant two weeks. Of course, if you want to stay, there's nothing I can do."

"Chris! Please understand—"

"This had to happen, I suppose, only I hoped . . . Good-by," he added brusquely and hung up.

"Chris!" she cried.

But he was no longer there.

She dragged herself back to the living room.

"He didn't like it," she said dully.

Her mother spoke consolingly, "Naturally, he's disappointed, but it was the only thing to do. He'll think it over and agree and tell you so."

Mary Lou comforted herself with that thought, but she did not hear from Chris. Three days passed. No telephone call, no air mail letter.

Then another worry struck her: perhaps he was ill. At the same time that thought brought relief, for illness would be a valid excuse for not writing. She voiced this idea to her parents at dinner, adding "I'm going to call him." "Go ahead," said her father, "but you'll find he's okay."

She put in the call and sat tense, while she heard the voices of the operators, then the rhythmic ring at the other end. She could almost see Chris jumping out of bed, throwing on his robe. Words were on her lips. "Darling, are you all right?" But the ring kept on, echoing through an empty room. He was not there. As her father had predicted, it was not illness that was preventing him from writing or telephoning.

That night she cried in bed, wishing with all her heart that she had never come home. Chris had not wanted her to, and he had urged her to return with him. "An entering wedge." She had not believed him, but now . . .

The door opened, gently. In the light from the hall she saw her mother's little figure. She leaned over Mary Lou, patting her shoulder.

"He doesn't love me any more," sobbed Mary Lou.

"That's not quite fair, dear. Chris is a fine young man and he loves you in his way. But he's determined to run your life, he doesn't really consider you or the baby. This had to happen."

Had to happen? Chris had used the same words. Division, separation, being pulled this way and that—was this always a part of love and marriage?

"Remember your father and I are back of you. All we want is for you to be happy."

Chris had said "happy in their way." Her sobs died away, but she could not down her thoughts. After her mother left, she got up and looked at the sleep-

ing baby, and she remembered Chris smiling down at his son.

Still harassed in the morning, she breakfasted with the family—it was Saturday and her father was home—and moved mechanically through the daily chores for the baby.

That night there were guests for dinner, Ernie's mother and father. Mary Lou sat through the meal, now and then forcing herself to speak, but underneath thinking, "What shall I do? Call him again? Wait till I hear from him? But suppose I don't hear? I can't keep on like this, not knowing, wondering."

In the living room after dinner, Mrs. Roscoe's voice penetrated her thoughts. "Mary Lou, you're coming, too, next Saturday, with your mother and father? Ernie isn't often home but he'll be here for the week end. If you feel up to it, you and he can go to the Country Club."

Country Club, Ernie, the man her parents had wanted her to marry. It was almost as if the clock were turned backward, and Chris had never been, and their home, and the baby.

Her glance went from Mrs. Roscoe's pleasant face to her mother and father. This was no conspiracy; the invitation was perfectly natural, yet she could not help feeling that she was being gently pushed, the entering wedge was widening. And she knew that she was facing the moment of decision.

As she hesitated, her mother spoke, "I'm sure Mary Lou will be pleased . . ."

But Mary Lou interrupted.

"Thank you," she heard herself saying to Mrs. Roscoe. "But I won't be here. I'm going home."

"Oh!" Mrs. Roscoe was somewhat nonplused, "I understand you . . ."

Mary Lou did not look at her mother and father, but she could feel their shocked silence.

The moment the guests left, she made for the stairs, calling back, "I've got to go and see to Robbie. Dad, will you please put in a call for Chris? I'll take it on the upstairs phone."

Her heart was beating fast. What would Chris say? And what should she say, when that familiar voice came to her over the wire? As she fed Robbie, she waited feverishly, but no one summoned her to the phone.

With Robbie settled again in his crib, she ran down the stairs. In the living room door she halted.

Her father was pacing up and down, just as he had done in the apartment that day—how long ago it seemed!—and her mother was sitting upright in a chair, her face worried.

"Didn't you get him?" cried Mary Lou.

Her father paused in front of her.

"No. I put in a station to station call and got an answer. But it wasn't Chris. It was a woman."

Mary Lou gasped.

"She was expecting him soon. She had brought him some pie and was fixing coffee. She sounded very much at home, a sweet voice with a southern accent."

Mary Lou gave another gasp, but this time she was laughing.

"That's Sue Fisher! They're our friends, and she's crazy about her husband. I suppose she came in the evening so Mac could stay with the children, and she brought Chris some food and was waiting to see him."

The burst of laughter wiped out her last, wavering uncertainty. She swung around and started into her hall, but her mother stopped her, crying out peremptorily.

"Where are you going? what are you going to do?"

"I'm telephoning to see if I can get a seat on a plane tomorrow. The next time Chris comes in from the library, I'm going to be there to give him coffee and pie—that is, if he still wants me."

"No! no!" cried her mother, springing to her feet. "You can't go back there

• A man is as young as he feels
—after trying to prove it—
T. Harry Thompson

to that little dump next to the furnace! Chris is completely irresponsible, laughing at everything! Here you and the baby can have all the things you need!"

"But Chris isn't here," interrupted Mary Lou. "I need him, and so does Robbie!"

"What'll you do for money?" her mother shot the words at her.

"If you're sure you want to go," put in her father, "I'll get your ticket and give you what's necessary for the trip."

"No! you can't!" cried her mother.

"You seem to forget, Louise," her father's tone was cold. "The money was once yours and your father's. Now it is mine; I earned it."

Her mother hurried across the room and grabbed Mary Lou's arm.

"Don't turn against me, darling!"

"I'm not, but I'm married to Chris."

"If you must go back, let us help you out. I just can't bear to think of you and that lovely baby—When Helen was little, your grandfather helped us, and it made things much easier, didn't it, Robert?"

"Yes," said her father slowly, "easier in a way, and yet in another way it might have been better if we—if I—"

Her mother swung around.

"Robert! what are you saying? That

isn't true! It couldn't have been better!"

Suddenly she collapsed in a chair and began to cry.

From the hall Mary Lou heard her father's voice, soothing, tender. "It's all right, Louise. You know I have no regrets."

Mary Lou was thoughtful as she went to the telephone. Chris's words echoed in her ear: "Of course, it was hard, and it will be hard again, but it was fun, doing it together—" And her father had said, "It might have been better if we—" Perhaps there was no sure, easy way in marriage and in life; you just had to take the hard with the wonderful and smile, as Chris did.

She left the next morning, her parents putting her on the plane. She had wired Chris, but he was not at the airport to meet her. She was surprised, but she was able to arrange for a car, and she was not really apprehensive till she and Robbie arrived at the apartment and found Chris not there, the windows closed, and on the floor, under the door, her unopened telegram.

Fear seized her. She hurried through to the bedroom. There were signs of Chris's occupancy, the hastily made bed, a tie on the bureau. But the baby chest of drawers was shoved behind the closet door, and the crib was gone.

She stared aghast, then she laid Robbie gently in the middle of the big bed. She heard footsteps and hurried back into the living room. It was Peg.

"We saw the car and you," she cried.

"Where's Chris?" demanded Mary Lou. "What's happened? The crib isn't there."

"He went out early. He's lent it to a graduate student whose wife is having a baby. He didn't think you were coming back. He said he couldn't buck your father and mother." She kissed Mary Lou, "I'm so glad you're here. Don't worry about the crib; I'll lend you a bassinet. And where is that precious boy?"

She ran into the bedroom and Mary Lou heard her cooing over the baby. She started to follow, then she halted abruptly. Chris was coming in the door.

He stopped stock still.

Words hovered on her tongue: "It was an entering wedge. They wanted things easier for me—they didn't—I didn't—realize that without you . . ."

But before she could speak, Chris lifted his gaze and their eyes met, and she knew there was no need for words.

He bowed stiffly.

"Mrs. Jones, I presume?"

The next moment they were laughing together, and his arms were around her.

"Hi, you two!" called Peg from the bedroom. "Your son's smiling!"

To their neighbors, Frances Sternhagen and her husband, Tom Carlin, seem like any other young married couple. They live in a nice house, and they have a son, Paul. Like most young marrieds, they are short on cash and so are fixing up the house themselves as much as they can. What sets them apart from their neighbors, however, is the way in which they earn their living: they are actors.

Acting, more than any other profession, has a rigid caste system. In this system, Frances and Tom inhabit a sort of middle ground. Their group is smaller and better paid and works more frequently than that vast, clamoring throng known as "the young hopefuls." But it is also less known and less highly paid than the featured players.

Both Frances and Tom appear with frequency on television. "*The Alcoa Playhouse* usually pays our grocery bills," Frances says. In addition, Tom has been in one Broadway show, *Time Limit!*, and one movie, *The Cunnings and the Haunted*, and is due to appear in another Broadway play. Frances, in addition to her television chores, has done a couple of off-Broadway shows, for one of which, *The Admirable Bashville*, she won the 1956 Clarence Derwent Award. Perhaps most impressive of all, she understudied both Helen Hayes and Mary Martin in the ANTA revival of *The Skin of Our Teeth*.

Both Frances and Tom dream of the day when their names will glitter down from the marquees of Broadway, of course. But until that day, they are content to lead a comfortable life, keep busy, and develop their talents for the day when they will get the one big break that could mean stardom.

The acting bug is a first generation one for both of the Carlins. Frances, whose father was a Washington Judge, was educated in Washington and at Vassar College. Her plans for a career centered around teaching. So did all her studies. But while she was still a student, she appeared in drama society productions and caught the germ. After graduation she did teach for a while but, as she says, "I just couldn't settle down. I kept wanting to try acting. Finally I thought I'd better try and at least get the thing out of my system. That way, at least I'd get some peace."

So she went to Catholic University as a graduate student. Here, she met Tom Carlin. Tom, who comes from a family of Illinois teachers, was still an undergraduate when they met. Both were cast in a production of *The Country Girl*, and that was how they met. "I dated Frannie a few times," Tom recalls, "and then I decided I'd never marry an actress."

PHOTOS BY JACQUES LOWE



YOUNG MARRIEDS ON STAGE

by Thomas C. Ryan

The Carlins married on love and a low budget.

They had to: they were actors. Now, their hopes are on the big break to open the way toward stardom



Below—Frances and Tom and baby Paul. Above—Frances reads part in play



Tom makes up for appearance in TV play



Frances won Derwent Award for role in *The Admirable Bashville*

The play was a success for both of them. In fact, they received far better notices than the Hollywood star imported especially for the occasion. "We thought we were wonderful," Frances remembers, "but looking back, I guess the only thing that made us look good was that the star was so bad."

After their studies were completed, both Frances and Tom headed for New York. As coincidence would have it, they both arrived on the same day, read for the same off-Broadway play, and both landed parts. When the play was a hit, they started dating again. Soon Tom's scruples about marrying an actress began to vanish.

Meanwhile, Frances, who had been reared as an Episcopalian, began to take instructions in the Catholic Faith. "It wasn't Tom so much," she remem-

bers, "although, of course, that was a part of it. But while I had been at Catholic U., I learned a lot about the Church. It seemed to be the only one that really made any sense."

In February of 1956, Tom, who had just opened in *Time Limit!*, and Frances, who was then appearing in *The Admirable Bashville*, went to Washington and were married. On the same day, Frances was received into the Church and made her first Confession and received her first Communion.

As soon as the wedding was over, the Carlins had to head back to New York. Ever since then, their marriage has been a sort of endurance contest. Both plays closed at about the same time, but, during the runs, both of the Carlins doubled in doing some television work, Frances for *Omnibus* and the *Kraft*

Television Theatre, Tom mainly for *The Alcoa Playhouse*. Then, when summer came, both appeared in summer stock, with Frances scoring a great success in Wellesley, Massachusetts, in the role of Marguerite in *Faust*.

When fall came on, Frances, now pregnant, retired temporarily, to await the birth of Paul. Tom, with the prospect of two dependents, doubled his pace, appeared in three TV plays, read for the play in which he will appear later this year, made a movie on location in Georgia, and filled in his spare time getting the house ready for Frances and the baby. Indicative of the pace at which he worked is the fact that he arrived back from Hollywood, where he had been for a week to star in a *Matinee Theatre* telecast, just one week before baby Paul put in his appearance.



A proud papa, Tom enjoys giving helping hand with baby Paul



Busy Frances holds baby, fixes breakfast

Frances has since returned to work, playing on *Studio One* and pleasing the critics in the title role of *The Country Wife* off Broadway. But she hopes to have another baby soon and already has decided any conflict between career and family. "It's very simple," she says. "If there are conflicts, I'll give up acting. I'd rather have children while I'm young and make my career later."

Meanwhile, Frances is boning up on her techniques. Although the general public is unfamiliar with her name as yet, she has attracted a good deal of attention within the world of the theater. The Derwent Award which she won last year is an outstanding mark of achievement, but even more impressive is the attitude of theater people toward her work. Says Bob Martin, casting director for CBS Television, "She's a natural. In another ten years, they'll be calling her the new Judith Anderson. She's that good."

From a technical standpoint, Frances is unusually well equipped for her life-work. She is probably the only young actress who is a finished comedienne in the true high-comedy style. But her range also extends to classic drama.

Tom, on the other hand, has so far suffered from type-casting. A pleasant, shy, softspoken man in real life, he is usually cast as a villain. In *Time Limit!* he strangled a man; on television, he has shot Jesse James, been hunted down as a prison-camp turncoat, and played similarly unsavory roles. In his first movie, he is seen as an inmate of a boy's reformatory. Although such typing is flattering to Tom's acting skills, it nevertheless presents a problem which he is now trying to overcome.

In *Holiday for Lovers*, an indifferent play that lasted three months on Broadway, Tom received featured billing for the first time and, also for the first time, he didn't kill anybody. For this reason, Tom considered the play worth doing. Shortly, he will appear in *The Man in a Dog Suit* with Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. The role is a fairly good one.

With these special problems, rising out of their professional lives, as well as the myriad minor crises of everyday married life, the Carlins keep busy a full twenty-four hours a day. And in the few spare minutes they manage to save from their work and their newborn center of attention, they are continuing to make alterations on their home, learn roles they would some day like to play, and take as active a part as they can in the community life of their suburban New York town. All in all, a happy life with just enough excitement and uncertainty to give it flavor.



Rubber-faced antics of baby Paul offer promise of another actor in Carlin family



Satan and Laughter

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

EVERY once in awhile, happily not too often, one meets a person with an unholy fascination for Satan and things demonic. This person is much concerned about the activity of the devil in the affairs of the soul and in government. His preoccupations lead him to see satanic activity behind every moving shadow. He is forever exorcising himself and the world. In fact, Satan is, for him, almost more real than God. His spiritual life, however sincere, suffers from a radical dislocation: he is too much concerned about fleeing the devil, not enough about attaining God.

Where there is an unhealthy concern about Satan and his activity, there is an unhealthy and un-Christian fear of him. In such an atmosphere spring up superstitions and contempt for religion. Satan can only rejoice in so much attention. He receives as much advantage from an exaggerated belief in his power as he does from the denial of his existence.

Much more frequently met is the Christian who is embarrassed by any serious reference to the devil. He considers himself, and is considered, a firm believer. But if he were approached on the existence of the devil he would take refuge in a sophisticated skepticism which would be difficult to square with the many scriptural references to Satan. His convictions in this area are closer to negation rather than to affirmation. And, anyway, he thinks it is a stupid question. Man may need heavenly auxiliaries to aid him in working out his salvation, but he is all too practiced in evil to need the help of demons in working out his damnation.

Since such a Christian cannot bring himself to believe in the figure with red tights and forked tail, which the overzealous sometimes used to frighten little children into righteousness, he thinks himself dispensed from believing. He considers it a mark of credulity and crudity to speak seriously of the devil.

This, too, is to Satan's advantage. The enemy whose existence is denied, whose power is thought a fantasy, has already won half the battle. The popular skepticism which relegates the devil to the

realm of medieval mythologies, weary and obsolete, also shields his activity. No one arms himself against a myth. Shielded behind the unreality of a myth, the devil carries on an activity which is all too real.

What and who is this creature to whom we attribute dark and unnatural deeds, meditating evil, incapable of true love? To know him we must know something of the angelic splendor which is still his, though now perverted.

To say all, he is a fallen angel. He is closer than man to God by reason of his nature. Like God, he too, is a spirit. Though a dark angel, he still retains all the brilliance and knowledge and much of the power and independence that were his before the fall. He has no need of the material world and acts rather as a master than as a servant in its regard. His knowledge, all of it, is complete and perfect from the first moment of his existence. Mirroring something of the immediacy and independence of God's knowledge, his knowledge is not attained by labor and study. We learn by observing things; Satan's knowledge was given him whole and entire.

The brilliance of angelic perfection is such that it would seem to rule out the possibility of sin. But even the angels had to win heaven by a trial. And in this trial Satan lost, not by chance, but by choice. Satan freely, willingly, knowingly turned away from God. Among the hosts who rebelled was Lucifer, "Bearer of Light," one of the angels who stood nearest to God, at the very summit of created perfection. Lucifer led a rebellion which is final and irrevocable. An angel, unlike man, is incapable of many sins; he can only sin once. Because of the perfection of his nature, his choice is always final. Free of ignorance and error, perfect in knowledge, there is no new knowledge to prompt repentance. No passion or emotion clouded his vision so that he fell half unwillingly. No, Satan embraces his sin completely and eternally.

Both gravity and laughter are to be found in the attitude the Church takes

toward the enemy of God and man. The gravity with which the Church views the threat of Satan is especially seen in the many exorcisms of baptism. Many a young mother has been slightly jarred by the solemn words the priest directs to her newest born: "Depart from him, unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Spirit, the Consoler." Here there is no question of possession, but of that general dominion Satan gained over man by Adam's fall. The life of the Christian, like that of Christ, is a battle "not against flesh and blood . . . but against the spiritual forces of wickedness."

But can the Church afford to laugh at the devil? She can and does. It is, however, a laughter that springs from faith. In the morality plays of the Middle Ages, the devil was a comic figure; comic because, for all his black grandeur and perverted perfection, he could not really harm the Christian, as long as the Christian used the armor of God: faith, sacraments, prayer, penance.

The laughter of the Church, which at times mounts to surprisingly light-hearted scorn, is seen in the Gothic cathedrals where the figure of Satan was used as a gargoyle, a waterspout. Even the devil was made, in his fashion, to give glory to God.

As long as the laughter springs from faith, the Church is happy. But there is that other laughter sometimes found in modern literature which laughs at the devil because he is thought to be unreal or stupid. The devil may be many things, but he is neither of these. This laughter disturbs the Church because it springs from unbelief. Because it is a laughter based on a denial of the real, it is dangerous.

The Church knows that Satan exercises a certain mastership over the world. But she also knows, as Julian of Norwich said, that "his might is all taken into God's hand." Christ conquered the devil by his death on the Cross. "Take courage, I have overcome the world." Christ's victories are our victories. We make them ours in baptism and the other sacraments.

ALMOST overnight, a dilapidated building in Montreal became a modern hospital. Newspapers called it "The Miracle on Dorchester Street." But it was no miracle. It was simply the cumulative effect of the hammer, shovel, and paint brush wielded in a gigantic co-operative effort inspired by the spirited Archbishop of Montreal, Paul-Emile Cardinal Leger.

The transformation of the St. Charles Borromée Hospital for chronically ill men is the latest in a growing list of startling works of charity fashioned by the Cardinal.

The might of men's arms and the big-ness of their hearts are the raw material he uses. He enlists the willingness of the able into the service of Christ by being Prince and common man, by leading and working alongside his people.

A legendary figure in French-speaking Canada at fifty-three, Cardinal Leger has pledged himself not to rest "until there are no more destitute in Montreal." He is known as the Crusading Cardinal of Charity, a fearless exponent of the social doctrine of the Church.

In the seven years he has headed the largest archdiocese in the British Commonwealth (1,100,000 Catholics), Montrealers have grown used to seeing their Archbishop sawing lumber at an orphanage, shooting pool at a boys' club, and vigorously leading a band in a hearty rendition of "Stout-hearted Men."

By his initiative, sparks of charity have become roaring fires of good will. Twenty thousand people—plasterers, office workers, electricians, carpenters, stenographers, housewives—have so far given him over 600,000 hours of work. A few laymen have even devoted their entire lives to his projects. Their sacrifices are profound evidence that charity can retain deep, human qualities amid the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of the twentieth century.

The Cardinal caught the imagination of Quebec last year by yanking that time-honored institution in French-



Paul-Emile Leger:

CARDINAL OF CHARITY

The infectious zeal of Montreal's Archbishop has inspired his people to expend themselves to help the poor, the sick, and the outcast

by DOUGLAS ROCHE

Austere with himself, Cardinal Leger is disarmingly informal with his people

speaking Canada known as the community working bee from its resting place among the relics of a bygone age. After a successful experiment in which volunteer workers rebuilt a home for the destitute (the Village of Charity), the Cardinal knew he had the answer to skyrocketing construction costs.

With no hesitation, he signed a check for \$1,500,000 to buy a rambling, nine-story building being vacated by the Montreal General Hospital, and the adjoining nurses' residence. He pictured a hospital exclusively for incurably ill men of all creeds and colors, and the fact that he didn't have that much money in the bank didn't stop him. The bank immediately loaned the money on his signature alone, and the Cardinal had on his hands a sturdy building, nearly a century old and badly in need of rewiring, replastering, and repainting.

He renamed the institution the St. Charles Borromée Hospital (after a sixteenth-century Archbishop of Milan who devoted himself to the poor) and called in the 500-year-old order of *Freres Hospitaliers de St. Jean de Dieu* to operate it.

Next came the volunteers. By the hundred they came when the appeal went out. They didn't have to be coaxed or cajoled. Marc Carrière, one of the Cardinal's financial advisers, took charge of assigning tasks to the men and women, who came from every walk of life to give their services.

MAILMEN and lawyers tore down walls and antiquated kitchens. Students repainted wards. For months, as many as 200 people came every evening.

Evenings expanded into week ends. Hours meant nothing as the pace quickened, and patients began moving into the hospital as soon as each floor was finished. To keep up the momentum, Carrière left his stock-brokerage office to give his full time to the project for six months. He kept three secretaries busy, addressed business luncheons three times a week, and worked so late at night he was given a room in the hospital.

Carrière described the enthusiasm: "One girl gave us \$150 and then came every evening for a month to type. The night before the first fifty patients arrived, a group of ladies did a final cleaning of their rooms. It was getting late and they were tired, but they wouldn't go home until they'd made up the fifty beds.

"Money doesn't buy the kind of hap-

piness those women had that night. We all feel part of this hospital. When we start drawing a salary for our work here, then we'll start worrying about having weekends free and knocking off at five o'clock."

Where does this spirit and devotion come from? Partly, it is inherent in the French Canadian people, whose responsive community spirit is traditionally strong. But a deeper answer is likely to be found in examining the infectious zeal of their spiritual leader.

Night after night, following long days of administration, Cardinal Leger turned up at the hospital, not only to encourage the people, but to take a hand in the tasks himself. Clad in black soutane, pectoral cross, scarlet cincture, and skullcap, he could hammer a nail, paint a cupboard, or shovel cement with ease and yet not without dignity. He does all these things—and frequently leads a singsong in between—because of the fundamental naturalness of the man. When the first patient was transferred to St. Borromée, Cardinal Leger, characteristically, rode in the ambulance.

His visits to the working bees are the closest he ever comes to relaxation. His work load is staggering, and he seldom deviates from a quick, steady pace from 5:00 A.M. until nearly midnight.

His living and working quarters are on the second floor of what is officially known as the *Archeveche* (Archbishop's Palace), a plain, red-brick building on Cathedral Street, overlooking Dominion Square in the heart of Montreal. The building stands behind St. James Cathedral, an exact replica, half-scale, of St. Peter's in Rome.

Not one to lag behind the times, Cardinal Leger startled some of the elder clerics in the *Archeveche* by preparing a ground-floor office, sleekly modern in red-and-white, to receive lay callers. A red blotter pad and red phonebook cover sit atop a white birch curved desk flanked by soft red chairs. The office is another illustration of the difference between Prince and man. Upstairs, his personal quarters are plain and devoid of official colors. His gray-walled working office is lined with books, and his brown desk is usually piled high with papers.

His day begins at 5:00 A.M. as he shaves with an electric razor and steps into his private chapel for an hour's meditation. At 6:00, His Eminence says Mass, served by one of his two priest-secretaries. The Cardinal remains in the chapel while the secretary says his Mass. Then he returns to his room, eats a

solitary and slender breakfast of toast and coffee, and begins his working day at 7:15.

The first seventy-five minutes is practically all the time he has to himself all day, so he devotes this time to answering letters, composing sermons and pastoral letters. He never uses a typewriter or dictates, preferring to write in longhand.

His secretaries arrive at 8:30 to spend half an hour with him opening his mail, which averages fifty letters a day. When he returned this spring from a two-month visit to Rome, 5,000 letters and wires were waiting for him.

THE Cardinal has four auxiliaries helping him administer his archdiocese, which is a patchwork of tongues and traditions, immense wealth and stark poverty, served by 2,000 priests, 700 schools, and 60 hospitals.

An average of 100 persons a day phone for an appointment with the Cardinal. Half the calls are for financial help. Nobody knows the number of people the Cardinal personally helps with his own funds. The inevitable screening process around him doesn't detract from his affable and approachable qualities. He loves to talk to people, singly or in groups. When he breaks loose from the confinement of his desk and gets out among the people, he is apt to turn up in unusual places.

Once, when visiting one of his new parishes, he discovered the rural pastor in the confessional with a long line of penitents outside. The Cardinal immediately entered the second confessional to help out the pastor. His visits to the Montreal Forum are usually to conduct a religious ceremony, but one Saturday night in the middle of last winter's hockey season, he suddenly appeared in the rink to personally thank the Montreal *Canadiens* team for touring the city for him during the community bee—and also to make a personal appeal to the crowd and TV audience. "This is the first hockey game I have ever seen," he confided, and watched animatedly as the *Canadiens* put on a rousing demonstration of their skill.

The ninety-six-year-old Montreal Museum of Fine Arts never had a prelate inside their front door until Cardinal Leger paid a visit and delighted all the art lovers in the community by declaring that he was pleasantly surprised with what he had seen.

His schedule of public appearances, most of them formal affairs, averages two a day throughout the year, although

with his people and associates

Sundays usually count three or four. Most appearances are booked ten months in advance (but there is usually at least one funeral a week to attend). He has spoken as much as eight times in a single day. When he was Papal Legate to the Marian Year ceremonies at Lourdes, he gave twenty-two addresses in four days. Yet it is not this rigorous round of appearances that tires him, he says, but the voluminous files and administration work that chain him to his desk.

Inevitably, his pace is taking its toll. When he was named Cardinal in 1953 at the age of forty-eight (the second youngest Cardinal in the Sacred College at the time), his hair was black and he carried 190 pounds on his five-foot, nine-inch frame. Now his hair is white, his weight 160, and his eyes rather sunken, though the twinkle remains. If anything, the spiritual ardor of the man is beginning to shine more brightly through his aging body. He is naturally abstemious, doesn't smoke, has no food preferences, frequently skips a meal when pressure of work mounts, and gets by on six hours sleep a night.

Despite his personal austerity, aides say that dinner with the Cardinal is usually an intellectually stimulating affair in easy informality. He loves a good joke and often engages in ribbing with one of his auxiliaries.

After dinner, Cardinal Leger turns to his breviary before an afternoon session of office appointments. He makes a visit to the Blessed Sacrament before supper at 6:00, and at 6:35 he begins to devote twenty-five minutes to writing the meditations preceding each decade of the beads he recites every evening over the French-language radio station, CKAC.

This is a high point of his day and one he refuses to give up. The station arranges for him to hold the broadcast wherever he might be in the province. When the Cardinal heard about a little girl who built a shrine to the Blessed Virgin in her backyard, he was there the next night to hold his broadcast. Usually, he broadcasts from the public chapel in the *Archeveche* and he spends a few moments afterward greeting the nightly crowd.

The tradition of the beads originated in 1950 when the Cardinal was offered the fifteen minutes free, largely because the time had no commercial value since a competing station played an incredibly popular soap opera called *Un Homme Et Son Peche* (*A Man and His Sin*). In a short while, so many people had switched to CKAC and the Arch-



Crippled child listens as Cardinal Leger preaches to 5,000 people gathered at Shrine of Our Lady of the Cape for Marian Congress



Moving among the sick at ceremony in St. Joseph's Oratory Montreal, the Cardinal gives them his Eucharistic benediction



Attendants surround Cardinal Leger after his formal investiture as a Cardinal at 1953 Rome Consistory



Bearing a large white cross, the cardinal marches in procession at triduum for martyrs of Hungarian revolt

bishop that the opposing station had to shift the play fifteen minutes ahead.

Sometimes, the Cardinal's elderly mother and father, Alda and Ernest Leger, who live nearby, attend the beads. He visits his parents in their apartment once a week, but these joyous family events rarely last more than half an hour. The Legers' only other child is Jules, a high official in the Department of External Affairs.

Evenings take the Cardinal to his study, to appearances, and to working bees. He keeps up on current events, notably immigration problems, by reading every chance he gets. He reads the newspapers at night and while riding.

SUCH is the routine of Montreal's Prince of the Church. (Canada's only other Cardinal is James Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto.) Viewed in retrospect, his career appears to have brought him step by step to his destiny.

His boyish piety and daily Mass and Communion made it predictable, perhaps, that he would be a priest. Certainly the neighbors thought so the day young Paul-Emile was spotted chanting the "Libera" prayers for the dead while perched in a tree.

His father owned the only general store in St. Anicet, a village on Lake St. Francis, one of the border lakes between the United States and Canada, where the past is remembered and honored as a way of life. Nearby is the Quebec town of Valleyfield where Paul-Emile was born April 26, 1904.

Like Pope Pius XII, Cardinal Leger conquered poor health in his youth to pursue his scholastic studies. At St. Therese minor seminary, his reputation as a top student began and carried on through his years at Montreal's Grand Seminary. He was already a leader, and his classmates predicted he'd become a Sulpician—a high tribute since the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice, who helped found Montreal, are a distinguished band in Quebec.

The prediction came true as the newly ordained priest sailed for France in 1929 to study at the Sulpician *Solitude de Paris*. He mingled with the finest minds of Paris and Rome and was appointed assistant novice master. He plunged with vigor into everything he did, and it soon became apparent to his superiors that extraordinary tasks were meant for Father Leger. At the age of twenty-nine, he was sent as a missionary to Japan to open the Canadian Sulpicians' Seminary in Fukuoka. With his linguistic ability, which had already added Italian to his native French, he performed the almost impossible feat of learning Japanese so well that within

six months he could give retreats in the language.

In Japan, he even grew a beard "so the people will respect us more." And many in St. Anicet haven't forgotten the day Father Leger, on leave from Japan, strode down the village street, dark eyes dancing with amusement at the villagers' efforts to guess who was the strange priest with the flowing black beard.

The beard had to be sacrificed in 1939 when he was recalled to Canada and named *Cure* of the Valleyfield cathedral and vicar general of the diocese.

His devotion to the poor flowered with his next appointment in 1947 at the age of forty-three. As rector of the Canadian College in Rome, he organized huge supplies of food, clothing, and medicine to be sent from Canadian parishes to the postwar destitute of Europe. Active though he was, his young students say their urbane rector was in the chapel every morning long before their arrival at six o'clock.

In March of the Holy Year, he was appointed Archbishop of Montreal, and less than three years later Pius XII named him Cardinal-Priest. Tens of thousands of Montrealers lined decorated streets to welcome home their Prince.

Sternness has marked the Cardinal's administration of his archdiocese. Constantly crusading against vice, he assailed Montreal for having more drinking places and night clubs than churches. "The world has seen evil times," he said, "but none more evil than our own. Before, evil used to be recognized as evil. Now it is publicized throughout our so-called Christian society."

When he came to Montreal, the city enjoyed the dubious distinction, garnered through the war years, of being the Paris of the New World. Police crackdowns and cleanups have marked the fifties. The Cardinal even banned bingo-playing in church basements (if there is one sport the French Canadians dearly love, it is to play bingo). "The Church is not a gaming house," he said.

Outspoken, the Cardinal has a flair for vigorous language. His written speech frequently serves as a warm-up to an explosive extemporaneous aftermath. But he keeps his criticisms general to avoid unnecessary controversy.

Far from detracting from his popularity, his sternness has added to it, and the Cardinal is besieged with invitations to speak. The people recognize in him a powerful antidote to evil.

DOUGLAS ROCHE is a staff writer for the Catholic *Universe-Bulletin* of Cleveland. A former staff member of *The Ensign*, Canadian Catholic news-weekly, he came to the U. S. when it ceased publication.

In heading toward materialism, he warns, the world risks becoming "an immense, soulless carcass of iron, stifling humanity."

His consistent message is that a brave new world without God is doomed to failure. The heights of drama in espousing this conviction have seldom been equaled in Canada, as when Montreal held a crusade of prayer for the martyrdom of Hungary. Three days and nights of Masses were offered at St. Joseph Oratory, atop Mount Royal. At the final ceremony, as processions converged at the foot of the mountain, Cardinal Leger, clad in white alb and stole, met the faithful. He shouldered a huge white cross and carried it up the steep slopes as a sign of expiation and atonement. The throngs heard his anguished voice cry out: "God! God! God! . . . The massacre of so many innocents gives rise in us to the greatest indignation, but our lives remain unchanged. We are practically in revolt against God. We live as if God does not exist."

WITH equal force, Cardinal Leger has pushed his works of charity and it is these which stand as his monument. At the 1953 Consistory, Pope Pius praised the Cardinal's foresight in protecting "the little people, the humble, the sick, and the workers." When the Cardinal returned home, further recognition was waiting in a band of 100 men who formed themselves into the Cardinal's Associates of Charity, each pledging \$1 a day to be used for His Eminence's charities.

Now, even with St. Charles Barronée filled to its 600 capacity, there is a waiting list of 500.

Over at the Village of Charity, another 150 destitute persons of all races and creeds have found a haven of hospitality, care, and kindness. Another 500 wait in. The only condition is absolute poverty, not even a pension. Twenty men and women from twenty-five to forty have given up their jobs to look after those in need. The manager of a big restaurant gave up a good paying position to be administrator of the Village, without pay. Anonymity is the outstanding characteristic of this noble band.

Next, Cardinal Leger envisages a hospital for chronically ill women. Then a new home for teen-age homeless boys. After that, a new building for the 1,000 young men without families who are studying and working in Montreal. And a home for girls deprived of the surroundings of healthy childhood.

The list goes on and on. "My plans," says Cardinal Leger, "are boundless."

WOMAN to WOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

Thinking of Thanksgiving

THE LONG-AGO ANGLO-SAXON WORD from which our word "thank" comes is also the stem for the word meaning will or mind. It follows that to think and to thank are of the same origin, and I think this a very nice idea for a Thanksgiving editorial. In fact, for a year or two we might call our November holiday Think-giving for a change, for we could do with some good thinking on the subject instead of merely careless thanking.

It is pleasant to remember the first Thanksgiving in the New World—the Indian guests who brought gifts too—venison and fruit and corn. Their squaws had already shown the Pilgrim women how to use pumpkin and honey and ground maize. So many of the less rugged colonists had died that it must have been hard to select the minority race at that feast, and I doubt whether anyone thought about it.

What they did think about was to thank God for the food before them, the shelter, the survival of those still alive in the colony. And the Indians, even though the words were strange, could understand this lifting of the heart to God, for their own Great Spirit was akin to Him whom these white people thanked.

It may be that a certain scrupulosity is overcoming me, but it seems to me that our present prayers of thanksgiving for being safe come close to pride. The margin of safety in the world of colonist and Indian was narrow, and they knew it. But for what they had been given they gave thanks. One feels the feast was incidental to the thanksgiving, the spiritual higher than the material. Is that true of us? There is a certain smugness about thanks for material benefits. We must have them, of course, in order to survive, but do we need so many? Are we thankful for being able, with this surfeit, to help others—a great privilege, and also from God?

The responsibility of the rest of us for pulling the hurt and fallen from the ditch—even though they are of a different race and a different religion—is made much closer by Our Lord. It seems to me it is all summed up not so much in a prayer which speaks of thanksgiving for personal safety—or national safety either—as in, "There but for the grace of God go I."

Thanks for Giving

THE VOLUME of everything material is so immense today, even though only a part of the country benefits, that it would be hard to be thankful for it all. In the newspapers and magazines it is becoming really frightening to see the elaborateness of everything—the size, the cost, the furs, the swimming pools, the apartments, the cost of clothing even for little children.

It is very true that many of us cannot buy these things and many of us don't want to, but when we have huge advertisements it means these things are being bought, and in quantity, for advertising means returns. Sometimes I get the feeling I had when years ago I read a novel on the Rome of the Caesars and its wealth—the togas with fabulous embroidery, the jewels, the great baths, the snow brought from distant mountains to cool the wines. And then I think of a

picture from Myers' General History, a picture showing senators reclining in the forum on couches, waiting, just waiting. For the barbarians were at the gates and the senators were waiting in dignity for the end. Is all our abundance, our certainty, coming to an end too?

Material safety is so temporary a thing, whether for oneself or one's family or for the nation. I am sure that Our Lord, who did not trouble about things but only about people, would not be too happy to have too many of these petitions wafted to Heaven—nor the thanks for them either. But I am sure of the welcome for thanks from the man or woman who had helped others and who was thankful to be able to do it.

In the end, the amount you give does not matter. Mother Katharine Drexel had millions to give; the widow had a mite. But in the eyes of God, in a spiritual sense, the giving was equal. Each knew she owed God all she had and must give it to help someone else. In a sense, then, the basis of giving is not material at all; it is spiritual. "The gift without the giver" still holds true.

The Greatest Thanks

FOR THE CHRISTIAN, Thanksgiving is surely not a day or a year either; it is a continuing occasion. You can thank God for many things besides your own safety or that of your nation.

In one of Maurice Baring's novels is a man who had lost his faith and regained it years later. Asked how it had happened, he explained: "After my young son died, sorrow built a bridge for me into eternity. It often does." That was true thanks: to build faith from loss. For it is a truism that faith returns often in times of loss and not of prosperity. The frightened child seeks the shelter of those who love him. The grown-up remembers in his grief that God once was a reality for him, even though, while safety and prosperity were his, he ignored Him. If he gave thanks, they were careless.

We live in a strange age. We work to conserve life for the individual and yet we plan the large death and talk about it as easily as if we were planning a larger life for the world. Are we on the verge of something that will pull us from our free spending to reality? It is true we are safe materially. Many nations are far from safe; they have been delivered into the hands of men whose one excuse, though they do not offer it, is Our Lord's great phrase: they do not know what they are doing; so we must forgive them. How many of us understand even faintly what Our Lord meant by those words? To say them from the heart might mean to die with Him—but it might also mean to rise with Him.

We are a good and kindly people in America, but it has been easy for us to be that. Our first impulse was to extend a helping hand to the Hungarians. But now we grow afraid. Some of the vision is dimmed with fear: they may be spies, they may take jobs from us.

The greatest thanksgiving we can offer on our recurrent feast is to thank God that it is still in our power to speak aloud the words of His Son: "I have compassion on the multitude." To be able to do this still, to help, to renew—let us be thankful that God has left us that privilege.

Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER

What a TV season this is!

Even though still very young, there has been nothing like it to date and, in fact, no other has even come close in respect of the staggering quantity of big names of all kinds involved in major shows, new and old.

Running down the list of coming attractions as early as last summer, it was easy to see 1957-58 would hit an all-time programing high, but estimates must be revised upward in view of the many promising things that have been added since then.

And there's much, much more to come.

Of course, not every new entry will make the grade, but it's too soon to venture any safe predictions as to which will and which will not. A show like *Bachelor Father*, starring John Forsythe and Noreen Corcoran, which alternates with Jack Benny on CBS-TV Sundays, though well cast and produced, obviously needs time to develop.

The same must be said for *Perry Mason*, on CBS Saturday nights, TV's first hour-long detective series; for NBC-TV's *Thin Man*, starring Peter Lawford and Phyllis Kirk; *Sally*, with Joan Caulfield and Marion Lorne, also on NBC-TV, and the new *Eve Arden Show* on CBS-TV, in which the talented comedienne co-stars with the equally talented and reliable Allyn Joslyn. Miss Arden plays a lady author turned lecturer in this one, and Joslyn is her manager.

Musicals Need Work

Oddly enough, most of the new musicals to bow so far are painfully in need of hard work and generous injections of that all-important and all too rare ingredient known as imagination. Patti Page's *Big Record*, on CBS-TV, probably is a prime example. Its premiere, Sept. 18, which seemed to lack only Noel Coward singing "Tall in the Saddle," was a shambles.

The *Lux Show* Starring Rosemary Clooney, on NBC-TV, *The Guy Mitchell Show*, and *Pat Boone's Chevy Showroom*, both on ABC-TV, though not as lacking in this regard as the highly touted *Big Record*, also need help. Polly Bergen's Saturday night opus (alternate weeks), on the strength of its Sept. 21 premiere, seemed to need a miracle.

The first series in this year's bumper crop of Westerns appear to be following the lead of Clint Walker's extremely successful *Cheyenne*, with some doing it

handily, others not so handily. The *Cheyenne* alternate, *Sugarfoot*, looked very good in its premiere Sept. 17 and almost certain to do for its star, Will Hutchins, what the former did for Walker.

James Garner, star of ABC-TV's other hour-long "oater," *Maverick*, seems another sure bet for stardom on the strength of the powerhouse plotting and writing of this one. Produced especially for ABC by Warner Bros., it shows Sundays from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M., NYT, and is designed to cut into the ratings of both Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen.

On the other hand, as sometimes happens, two of the shows in this category most highly regarded in advance have started off weakly. One is CBS-TV's *Have Gun, Will Travel*, with Richard Boone of *Medic* fame playing the legendary "Paladin"; the other being *Wagon Train*, with Ward Bond and Robert Horton, the series NBC-TV is counting on to loosen the *Disneyland* grip on Wednesday night's 7:30 to 8:30, NYT, time.

Incidentally, Walt Disney's newest entry, *Zorro*, Thursdays at 8 P.M., NYT, on ABC-TV, which has an exclusive on the cartoonist's products, looks like a winner. A story of adventure in old California, it features the kind of rough-and-tumble fare strongly laced with gallantry that should appeal to young and old. Handsome Guy Williams appears in the role originally created for films by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

Some Old Friends

Except for Jackie Gleason, who is planning to make movies and do TV spectacles these days, most of the old regulars of the past season are with us again.

Perry Como, the man who forced Gleason off the air, again is holding forth in the same Saturday night time, 8 to 9 P.M., NYT, on NBC-TV. If there have been any changes in his show, they've been to the good.

Dave Garroway's *Wide, Wide World* series has definitely shown improvement so far and its premiere, a 90-minute examination of missile launching and related matters, was a dandy.

On the other hand, Ed Murrow's Friday night *Person To Person* half-hour on CBS-TV and NBC-TV's *Conversations With Elder Wise Men*, now titled *Wisdom*, are unchanged though still quite good for the most part. While I haven't always agreed with NBC on its



John Forsythe and Noreen Corcoran in "Bachelor Father," new TV show alternating with Jack Benny's show



Joan Caulfield plays the title role in "Sally," new TV situation comedy. She is assisted by Marion Lorne

selection of so-called "wise men," especially in the case of Pablo Picasso, generally they have been well worth seeing and hearing while discussing their lives and times. And I was pleased to learn this series would be continued by the network, as there was a good chance it would be shelved several months ago.

Some Distinguished Friends

Alfred Hitchcock, that fascinating, charming, gentle master of suspense and, occasionally, horror, is continuing his Sunday night dramas on CBS-TV this season and has added to that chore a weekly full-hour melodrama titled *Suspicion*, Mondays at 10 P.M., NYT, on "that other network," NBC-TV. The personable "Hitch" premiered the latter



Pat Boone's "Chevy Showroom" is among the new TV musical offerings which show promise but need much improvement



Dizzy Dean is outmaneuvered by his host as he makes a guest appearance on the new "Guy Mitchell Show"



Perry Como returns to the same spot and shows promise of retaining his popularity with the TV audience



James Garner stars in the new hour-long "Maverick," western show with powerhouse plotting and writing



Alfred Hitchcock directs E. G. Marshall in the opening show of "Suspicion," new Hitchcock TV series



Peter Lawford and Phyllis Kirk as Nick and Nora in TV's presentation of the mystery series, "Thin Man"

series Sept. 30 with *Four O'Clock*, by Cornell Woolrich, another pen-name of William Irish, who wrote the noted producer-director's film classic *Rear Window*. It was a good opening show and I'm sure viewers can expect others of equal or better calibre from the Britisher.

Ever since its bow on CBS-TV, to the accompaniment of crashing symbols and booming cannons, *Playhouse 90* has been a "sometimes" series, and that pattern may be followed this season, too.

I realize, of course, that not every program of any series can be a smash, but I fail to see why certain shows done by this one have fallen so far below that imaginary line called "the norm" or "the average."

The reader remembers *Requiem For a Heavyweight* presented by *Playhouse 90* last season, a splendid dramatic examination of certain phases of the fight game that won nearly every award in sight. It was difficult to reconcile that with the perfectly dreadful *Eloise* and a few other productions that, while not as bad, were still far off the pace.

This season's premiere ninety minutes was *The Death of Manolete*, with Jack Palance playing the great matador, which also left me blinking and wondering. It was dull, moody, and slow-moving and, after watching it, I found myself guessing at the reasons why it was done in precisely that way.

But, the season is still young, so we'll see what happens from here on in.

Jack Paar, At Last

While on the subject of old friends, let's not forget Jack Paar.

For nearly fifteen years Jack has been tagged the young comic most likely to succeed and, now, as he approaches middle-age, the elusive bauble seems within his reach.

Good, I say, and about time.

After a string of near-misses and outright flops, the turning point came for the ad-lib whiz when NBC-TV offered him the helm of its staggering *Tonight* series, 11:15 P.M. to 1 A.M., NYT, Monday-through-Friday. Paar, in a sense, was a "last chance" for the network and, in another sense, the network's offer was a "last chance" proposition for the tall, handsome humorist.

Tonight, launched several years ago by Steve Allen, did very well until the star left to concentrate on his Sunday hour opposite Ed Sullivan.

Steve's relaxing series of gags, guests, and music was replaced by something apparently devised by certain of NBC's glorified office-boys, also titled *Tonight* but with an exclamation point added so that it would read *Tonight!*

Touted in advance as the greatest thing since formula-feeding, or some such, it turned out a hopeless mish-mash of nothing in particular. Most viewers gaped in amazement and disgust and critics blasted it unmercifully. Fortunately, it was canceled before television was set back about ten years and NBC decided it was either Jack Paar or motion pictures.

The proponents of "live" TV won out. I was delighted to note at the time, so Paar it was—and is.

The comic began getting favorable reactions almost immediately and they've been growing ever since he took over.

On Nov. 1, when he adds stations in Boston, Nashville, and St. Louis to his 70-city string, he'll have 14 more than Steve Allen had when he checked out last January.

Between now and then, Paar can be expected to catch on more than he has already, which has them jumping for joy in the halls of 30 Rockefeller Plaza.

And the joy is justified.

Paar has come up with a remarkable number of good shows, remarkable because they are largely off-the-cuff. In fact, in my opinion, they represent the finest examples of "pure" television since the hey-day of *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* and Jerry Lester's wonderful *Broadway Open House*.

The 38-year-old Paar's formula is simple and though not original—it was applied on the *Kukla* and *Open House* shows, as well as by Arthur Godfrey and others—this doesn't detract one iota from its effectiveness nor should it lessen the credit due the comic in any way.

It is merely this: He has surrounded himself with capable, affable people like Jose Melis, Dody Goodman, and Hugh Downs, and guests of the same stripe whenever possible.

The inevitable result has been a rapport between members of his cast that's conveyed to the audience as a spirit of good fellowship and fun, a positive backdrop against which can be performed whatever is to follow.

I have no doubt but that Paar's success is already creating a demand for others who can do what he can do: an entire show with a few notes, a minimum of rehearsal time, a great deal of charm and alertness.

This is the answer to one of TV's ma-

jor problems of the moment: the scarcity of good comedy writers and, in fact, writers of all kinds.

Add More New Shows

And still they come.

Not only is this the biggest season in TV history, with a list of new entries without precedent, but many, many more are on the way.

Among the most interesting is one titled *Turning Point*, a half-hour filmed series based on the lives of big money winners on quizzers like *The \$64,000 Question*, *Twenty-One*, etc. *Turning Point* went into production early in September and is slated to premiere soon.

Nat Hiken, creator and former writer of Phil Silvers' *You'll Never Get Rich*, plans to bring that old radio favorite, *The Magnificent Montague*, to TV. He's angling to get Dennis King and Myrna Loy for the leads.

Jack Benny, determined that Dennis Day will be the TV click he deserves to be, has another show in mind for the popular Irish tenor but is keeping the format under wraps. It's strange Dennis has never been able to make it on TV, especially since he's so loaded with talent. Let's hope this third try will be the charm.

Now that his *Calamity Jane* series is under way, cowboy star turned TV producer Don "Red" Barry's next project will be *War Correspondent*, dramatizing actual experiences of top newsmen. Col. Barney Oldfield will introduce each episode.

Production on *The Royal Canadian Mounted Police* tele-series is now under way in the Dominion. A company headed by Canadian Budge Crowley is filming. Incidentally, TV rights to the best-selling novel, *Mrs. Mike*, have been acquired by an American group. Filming on that one, about a girl who marries a Mountie and lives in the North Woods, has been going on since July in the California Rockies.

Eddie Bracken will star in a new kiddie show titled *Willie Wonderful*. Bracken signed to do 65 of the 15-minute programs as a starter, indicating the confidence he has in *Willie*.

Platters and Payolas

Internal Revenue was quietly investigating pay-offs to disc jockeys all over the nation when this went to press and, as always, consternation followed word that the tax boys were at work.

The government is interested in knowing which platter-spinners are receiving pay-offs in cash and expensive gifts to play certain records and what these under-the-table transactions add up to in dollars and cents.

Officially, Washington doesn't care whether certain dee-jays—or all, for that matter—"take" or not, but it insists that the correct amount be declared, whatever it is.

On the other hand, the broadcasting industry is vitally interested in the exchange of payolas for plugs and in learning the identities of those involved.

So, trouble can be expected momentarily and at least the most flagrant violators of one of broadcasting's unwritten laws will face the firing squad, even though the tax men find their returns in order.

In fairness, I must stress here that this doesn't apply to all disc jockeys, but only to a small percentage, most of whom are in New York, Los Angeles, and other large cities.

In Brief

Jack Benny and George Burns will return to Broadway this season to produce *One Foot in the Door*, starring June Havoc. The veteran comics are also writing dialogue for the play. . . . Pat Carroll, formerly of the Sid Caesar shows, plans a comedy lecture tour of American colleges and universities, to begin in the near future. . . . The BBC-TV is trying an interesting experiment, the discontinuance of all panel, quiz, and parlor game shows for a three-month "trial" period. Executives of the network hope to discover just how much these features will be missed by viewers, if at all. . . . Authoress Sally Benson is adapting the *Hallmark Hall of Fame* version of *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates*, which is slated for December presentation. . . . Phil Silvers will produce a filmed series starring Ethel Merman. The idea for the show, which isn't being revealed, is the comic's brain-child. . . . Nostalgic Note: Norman Brokenshire, one of radio's biggest names in the old days and a TV veteran, is currently attempting another come-back. As this went to press, the popular "Broke" had joined the staff of station WKIT in Garden City, N. Y. . . . Another 260 *Crusader Rabbit* cartoons (in color) are in production.

The "new" Dorothy Collins is slated for Broadway, too, and will star in *The Wizard of Oz* this winter. The former *Hit Parade* singer tried out in the Judy Garland role in St. Louis during the summer. . . . Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, Jack Benny's long-time partner in comedy, landed the "Noah" role in *Green Pastures*, slated for production on the *Hallmark Hall of Fame* late in October. . . . Producer Jack Barry tells me *Juvenile Jury* may be back on TV one of these days, although there's not much chance that its sister-series, *Life Begins At 80*, will follow.

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THE MARINE WHO KEPT FIGHTING

by **FRANCES ANCKER**
and **CYNTHIA HOPE**

IN THE EARLY HOURS of November 23, 1943, a Catholic boy from Texas—Corporal Criss Cole of the First Battalion, Sixth Marines, Second Division—watched the last sunrise he was ever to see and started on the beginning of one of the most inspiring careers this nation has ever witnessed.

It was an eerie dawn, stained red with the rising sun and with the blood of heroes that drenched the tiny South Pacific atoll.

The atoll was Tarawa. The day was D-Day, plus three—the third day of the bloodiest battle then recorded in Marine Corps history.

Corporal Cole, less than twelve feet from the enemy, was trying to silence a chattering, Jap machine gun when a grenade came straight at him. He ducked—only to land, face down, on another live grenade at the moment it exploded.

He didn't lose consciousness. He knew that his eyes were injured, and badly. He rolled over, close to a log—aware that his unit would soon have to retreat.

"When you get ready to go," Corporal Criss Cole told a fellow marine, "holler. I can't see to go alone."

It was the only retreat in his long battle with the world of blindness that



In the battle of Tarawa, Corporal Criss Cole lost his sight.

He decided he could still do something worthwhile, if he refused to give up



**Representative Cole
talks with prospective voter**

the Texas farm boy was to make.

A devout Catholic, Criss needed all his faith in the days that followed. A hospital ship took him to Honolulu. From there, he was transferred to San Diego and then to the Naval Hospital at Philadelphia. Christmas came and went. A new year began and Criss faced the fact he would never see again.

One February day, a girl who came often to see Criss Cole's buddy at the hospital brought along her best friend—Joanne Spica, a Catholic girl from a large Philadelphia family. Her voice was warm and gay. Criss could not see the girl who sat talking with him that day—but what he saw with his heart was enough to last him a lifetime.

Joanne came to the hospital often. When Criss could get a pass, he and Joanne would go "sightseeing" together. Joanne would describe to Criss the city that had cradled the American independence Criss had given his sight to protect. He knew that he wanted to ask Joanne to marry him. But one big doubt darkened everything. Could an unsighted man land a good job and support a wife?

Criss had to find out. It was out of the question for him to return to the family farm near Avery, Texas. In a small, rural community there'd be little or no opportunity for him now. Criss considered the large cities of his native state. Houston seemed to offer the greatest opportunity.

First, Criss had to take time out for a training course with a Seeing Eye dog in Morristown, N. J. Wanda, the German shepherd assigned to Criss, was to guide him through most difficult days.

Criss arrived in Houston on a blistering August day, a stranger in need of a job. In the first weeks, he was offered one position—a job as a vending-stand operator. "But that's a job for a handicapped man," Criss objected, and then he realized fully for the first time that he was what the world considered handicapped. Criss turned down the offer and continued his search.

The struggle paid off. Eight months went by and Criss landed an inspection job, checking precision parts at the Reed Roller Bit Company in Houston. Here his liability was an asset. The work required a sensitive touch.

When Criss had convinced himself that he was capable of earning a living and supporting a wife, he applied for a three-day leave of absence, and on a golden day in September of 1945 Criss and Joanne were married in Philadelphia.

Criss returned to his job. He had won the battle for his self-respect. But already he knew that his lone victory was not enough. In the harsh eight months of job-hunting, he had learned what no job could ever teach him. He had found out, first hand, the problems faced by the handicapped, the needs of the underprivileged. For the fighting marine from Tarawa, it was not enough to know there were inequalities in the world. Criss had to do something about them.

Only by taking some active part in government, Criss felt, could he help to shape laws to make his country a better place for people like himself.

He worked at his factory job in the daytime, and in his free hours Criss searched records and checked into the backgrounds of countless lawmakers. In doing so, he discovered that he had a second handicap, almost the equal of his first. Most of the legislators whose careers he traced were college men. Many had law degrees. Criss had not even finished high school. A poor boy in a family of ten, he'd had to cut short his education in the third year of high school to take a job with the C.C.C. Now, with his sight gone, he was determined to complete his high school education, attend college, win a law degree.

When he quit his inspection job and enrolled in the Houston Business College, Criss was the only unsighted man in his class. In a year's time, by learning touch typewriting and typing from a dictating machine, Criss completed courses in English, spelling, and business law. He was ready for the crucial state exams which could win him a high school diploma. Criss took the state tests and passed. He was now a high school graduate.

He was also beginning to find roots in Houston. He was a member of All

Saints Church. He had become active in the Holy Name Society and the Knights of Columbus.

Almost before the ink could dry on his high school diploma, Criss took a summer job in the city legal department, typing briefs.

In the fall, with his Seeing Eye dog to guide him, Criss entered St. Thomas University pre-law school in Houston. The G.I. Bill made it possible for Criss to hire readers, and the rigorous training he had put in with the Marines served him well. By committing to memory a good deal of the law that was read to him, Criss overcame the handicap of not being able to refer to a printed page. This method enabled him to pass the pre-law examinations that would let him go on to law school.

In pre-law, Criss had been able to take oral examinations. At the University of Houston Law School, this would not be possible. This meant that Criss would have to depend on outside help in typing his exams, as he could not proofread the letter-perfect legal terminology required for such tests. Criss's wife Joanne had once held down a secretarial job in Philadelphia, and she was able to do much of his typing.

But one crucial day when Criss was to take his final examination in Property II, Joanne was ill. The only typist Criss could find had no previous experience with legal work. Criss had studied all year for the test. He knew all the answers to the examination questions. But the typist's work turned out to be a jumbled confusion of errors.

Criss's professor called him in for the bad news. He was failing Criss in Property II. The school was determined to maintain its record. They could not make exceptions. Criss could quit now—or go back and take the whole course over, with the chance that his misfortune might even be repeated.

Criss had already made that decision on another day on a blistering South Pacific island. He had never quit under fire. He could not do so now. He took the course over. This time, he passed it.

On graduation day, when honors were conferred, Criss heard his name called. He found his way to the platform. His hand closed over the gold key which meant that Criss Cole, out of the entire graduating class of the University of Houston Law School, had been voted Most Outstanding Person.

If, indeed, it was a victorious climax to the farm boy's quest for an education, to the fighting marine it was only the opening battle. Fall elections were in the offing. Criss's dream of running for state office had not dimmed. He knew all the odds. Handicapped candidates had never fared too well in tough-

mindful Harris County. Added to this, Criss lacked two things vital to any bid for political office—campaign funds and campaign headquarters. He knew no way to get either.

One Sunday, as Criss was leaving All Saints Church, a car slowed beside him. A fellow parishioner offered him a lift. On the way home, the two men discovered that both were Marine veterans.

It was not until they had reached the Coles' street that Criss discovered he was riding with one of the most prominent young judges in Houston—a man of wide political influence with many powerful friends. By then, Criss had already told Judge Bill Hatten his story, his hopes.

Hatten was convinced that a man who was willing to fight as hard as Criss Cole for the things in which he believed, could do a good job in the state legislature if the people would give him a chance. Hatten's law offices became Criss Cole's campaign headquarters.

But Criss's fighting spirit got him into hot water even before the campaign got under way. One day, during a campaign meeting, a prominent, potential supporter was about to contribute to Criss Cole's campaign. Known about town for his peppery temper, the man hesitated before making out the check. "Criss," he said, "You know where I stand on the Workmen's Compensation legislation . . ."

Criss could have side-stepped. Instead, he said, "I know where you stand, sir. You're in favor of a revision of the bill, cutting benefits. I can't go along with that. I'll vote against it, if I'm elected."

The checkbook snapped shut. The man walked out of the office. Two days later, to the amazement of everyone who had been present, a sizeable campaign check, signed with the name of the man whose views Criss had opposed, arrived in the morning's mail.

Enclosed was a note: "You're entitled to your opinion."

The campaign was a hot one in the midst of one of the most bitterly contested primaries in Texas political history. Criss Cole battled it out in a field of five candidates. Voting was close in the primaries. Criss Cole, candidate for Position Seven in the state legislature, won 32,000 votes in Harris County. Had he gotten just 3500 more votes, Criss would have made it without a run-off. As it was, Criss Cole still had his biggest fight ahead.

The wind-up, most vital period of any political campaign, was still several days away when Criss got word from the Seeing Eye Foundation in Morristown that he was eligible to start training with a dog to replace the Seeing Eye dog he had lost during his last week of law school.

Criss made the trip to Morristown. He cast his absentee vote and waited. For Criss, these were the hardest days. On election night, Morris Frank of the Seeing Eye Foundation arranged for Criss to follow the Texas election returns through reports from the Associated Press wire service.

So it was that in faraway Morristown, New Jersey, Criss Cole heard that he had won in the run-off the greatest political majority ever voted a single candidate in the history of Harris County—the most populous county of the largest state in the union: 93,000 voters had invested their trust in Criss.

Only a few weeks before Criss left Houston to attend the opening session of the legislature, a seven-year-old newsboy, about the age of Criss Cole's son, Warren, was struck down on a Houston street by a speeding truck and killed instantly. The boy had not seen the truck approaching because it was headed in the wrong direction. The driver of the truck was under the influence of narcotics and in no fit condition to

FRANCES ANCKER and **CYNTHIA HOPE**, mother-daughter writing team, have written for TV and radio as well as for *Saturday Evening Post*, *This Week*, and other magazines.

drive. Under Texas law, there was no provision for murder by auto under the influence of narcotics—a charge showing up with alarming frequency on Texas police blotters. Criss Cole determined to do something about it.

He drafted House Bill 247 and introduced it in committee. It was his first bill. It met instant opposition. Any man under the influence of narcotics, legally administered by a physician or a dentist, fellow lawmakers pointed out to Criss, could suffer unjustly at the hands of such legislation. The bill was argued over, reshaped, redrafted. It was that fight which shaped Bill 247 into just and needed legislation which passed the house and senate and was signed into law by the Governor in June of 1955.

When the legislature adjourned after the longest and one of the stormiest sessions in its embattled history, freshman lawmaker Criss Cole returned to Harris County with a record that even a senior congressman could be proud to have earned. Of five bills Criss had introduced in the house, four had passed both houses and been signed into law.

But perhaps of all Criss's legislative achievements, House Bill 926, which Criss introduced just before adjournment, meant most to him. To countless unsighted citizens of Texas, Representative Cole's Bill 926 will mean a great deal for a long time to come—steady employment to many and a new lease on life. The bill gives a preference on all state purchases to blind-made products, if these products meet with state requirements.

Criss Cole's contribution was saluted by forty-eight states on August 6, 1955, when the Blind War Veterans conferred upon Criss in New York City their national achievement award. One year later, the people of Harris County conferred an award, too—their greatest award: a vote of confidence which returned Criss Cole for a second term in the Texas State Legislature, where he is now serving.

Father O'Sullivan, pastor at Houston's All Saints Church, says of Criss: "Prayer is that fighting marine's most powerful weapon. I've seen it work for him. I set out to inspire Criss, and I found, instead, that he was inspiring me. It's that way with everyone he meets—as if God had granted Criss some superabundance of personality to compensate for his loss."

Criss Cole, his oldest son, and his Seeing Eye dog attend the opening of the Texas State Legislature for his first term





PHOTO BY JIM KRAMER

Therapy through music

Walk down the halls of two Cleveland mental hospitals two afternoons a week and the pleasant, healing sound of voices raised in song will greet your ears. The voices are those of patients at Cleveland's State Hospital and at the Receiving Hospital. Leading them is a slim, friendly, Catholic mother of three children who devotes her Wednesday and Thursday afternoons to proving her theory that music can help mental patients achieve a more rapid recovery. Her name? Adelaide Klonowski. A music teacher since 1942, Mrs. Klonowski volunteered more than a year ago to conduct her experiment in music for the mentally ill for the Cleveland Welfare Federation. And she has been so successful at it that she was named Cleveland's Volunteer of the Year for 1957. But the work has provided its own satisfaction. As Mrs. Klonowski says: "Of all the things I've done, I've really enjoyed this most. Nothing is more important than helping others find happiness."

Crosscurrents of the mind

As publishers go, Joseph E. Cunneen is no Henry Luce of the Catholic press; nor, as intellectuals go, is he a giant of the century. For the past seven years, however, he has performed a publishing service that is as valuable as it has been quiet in the publication of a quarterly intellectual review called *Crosscurrents*. What distinguishes *Crosscurrents* is not only the quality of its contents, but the singular character of its purpose: to bring together in one publication the most significant material being published by Christian intellectuals in dozens of different reviews all over the world. In this, Cunneen and his associates have admirably succeeded, but the going has never been easy. From an initial circulation of 250, the magazine has grown to a present high of 2,800. Like most labors of love, *Crosscurrents* has never "paid off" in dollars and cents, but it has done something vastly more significant: it has created a forum as universal as truth itself.

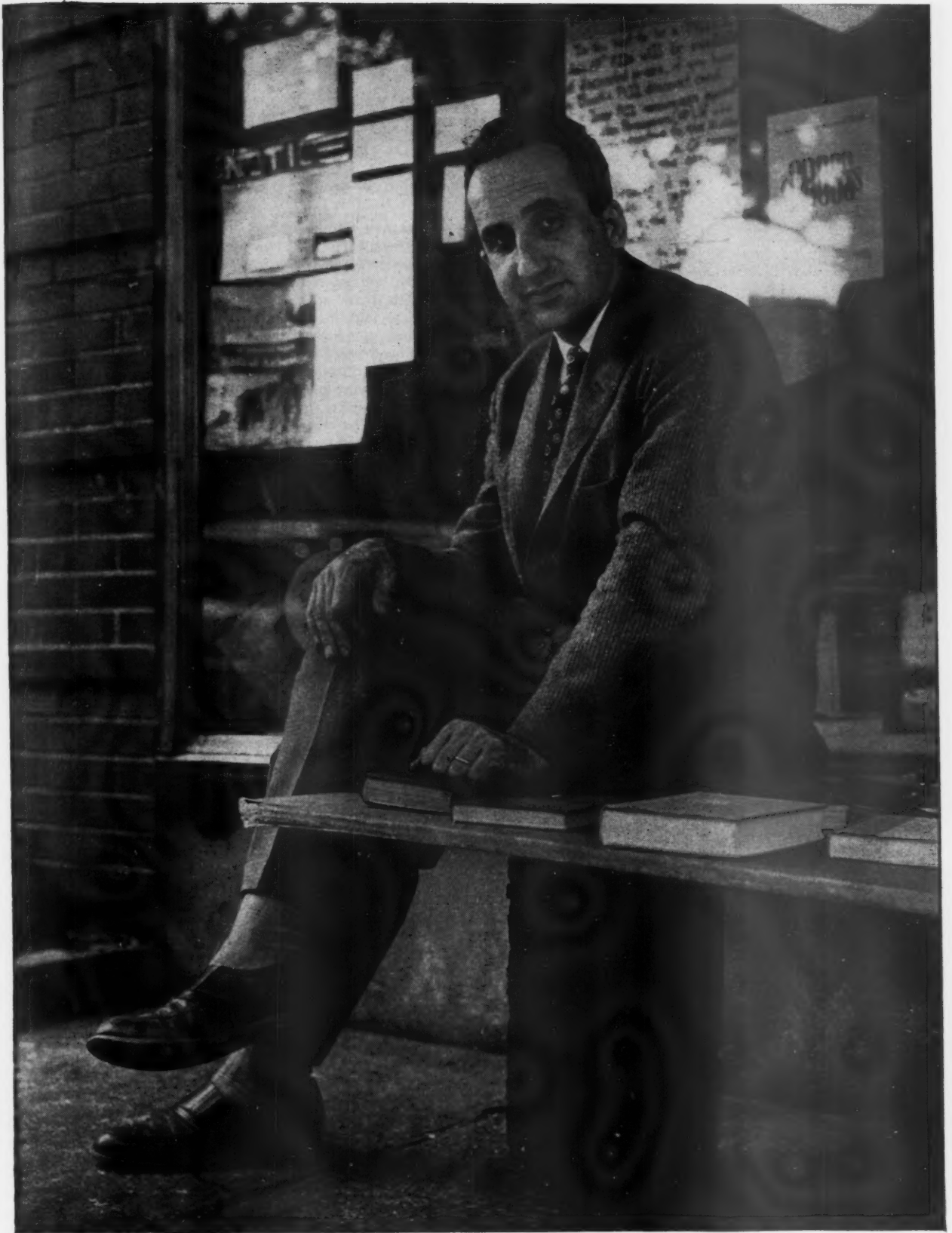


PHOTO BY ED LETTAU

by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

THE SIGNPOST

Quantity vs. Quality

Since there are about 250,000,000 adherents of the Moslem religion, there must be some truth to its claim to divine approval. How, then, can Christianity make this claim so exclusively?—C. M., BRISTOL, R. I.



It is only logical that a religion boasting of divine origin make such a claim exclusively. Two or more contradictory religions cannot all be of divine origin or enjoy divine approval. That origin and approval must be restricted to one religion exclusively. A mere claim to statistics can be so misleading as to add up to a weak argument.

To appraise the inferiority of Mohammedanism and the unique superiority of Christianity, it is much more impressive and convincing to consider the personalities of the founders of the two religions, as well as the caliber of their doctrines. A comparison evidences a stark contrast between Islamism as a man-made hodgepodge of so-called religion and Christianity as a religion worthy of God, accommodated to all the needs of man, revealed by a Founder who is recognizably divine.

Mohammed was born in Arabia's Mecca, in 570 A.D. In 610 he claimed to have received a commission from the Angel Gabriel, designating him as the Prophet of the Supreme Being known as Allah. By divine mandate, he was to fuse all the tribes of Arabia into one political-religious system, to be known as Islamism. "Islam," an Arabic word signifying "surrender," is a key word in the appeal of Mohammed: "Surrender to the will of God." A follower of his who so surrendered was known as a Muslim or Moslem. Despite early setbacks and due largely to his military genius as well as the fanaticism of his followers, he finally established a national religion—hostile to both Judaism and Christianity. Its "bible" is known as the Koran.

Mohammed's kinder biographers claim that at the beginning Mohammed was sincere, even though deluded. Many attribute his alleged visions to his epileptic seizures. Later, flushed by success, he stopped at nothing to attain his ends. The Koran is an erratic mixture of beliefs, moral codes, and legends and is sprinkled with ideas culled from the Old Testament and the New. Mohammed denied the Trinity and the divinity of Christ. A man was allowed four wives. Divorce was the order of the day. Islamism is now broken up into what are known as "the 72 jarring sects." To study the history of Mohammed and of Islamism at all thoroughly is to realize that neither he nor his system is worthy of God or serviceable to mankind. His success story is attributable to many factors, especially a lax moral code, racial fanaticism, and the power of the sword.

The history of the Founder of Christianity, as recorded in the New Testament, is unassailable. Even scholars who deny the inspired character of that document admit the record as sound history. The sanity, nobility, and perfect virtue of Christ are evidenced both by His day-to-day life on earth and by His teaching. He revealed to us a complete mental

picture of God, as well as the plans of Divine Providence in our behalf here and now and hereafter. He taught us what to believe, how to live rightly, how to worship God becomingly. We are so sure that we have not been misled because of His divine credentials—physical miracles and the psychological miracles called prophecies. "Though you will not believe me, believe the works." (John 10:38) Those who saw for themselves were constrained to admit: "What manner of man is this, for the winds and the sea obey Him!" (Matt. 8:27) Divine quality is the characteristic of Christianity—of its Founder, its doctrine, and its faithful members.

Do not be taken in by statistics. Because of the number of sinners in the world, would you conclude that sin must be agreeable to God or unavoidable by men? Nazism, Fascism, and Stalinism have had numerous convinced though deluded adherents. But what of the quality of the leaders? of their systems? As a matter of fact, Christians outnumber Moslems by a ratio of three to one. But it is superficial to consider quantity while disregarding quality.

Security

Can you offer any consolation? Am greatly concerned over my deceased wife. Is it proper to pray to a soul in purgatory?—E. F., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

It is impossible for us to surmise how long a departed soul may be detained in purgatory. That depends upon the justice and mercy of God. You have every reason to be confident that your wife died in the friendship of God. Consistently, she lived a good life. With the full use of her senses, she received the last rites of the Church. Already, your wife may be in heaven. If not, remember that the souls in purgatory are to be envied. Their eternal security is assured; their lifetime of probation has ended successfully. Because your wife may still be in purgatory, it is advisable to pray for her. Because the souls in purgatory are so close to heaven and to God, it is by no means improper to pray to them.

Unknown Sponsors

We have an adopted daughter. Although we received a certificate, stating where and when the baby was baptized, no godparents were mentioned. Can I substitute two reliable Catholic friends?—B. McF., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The baptism may have been administered in emergency circumstances, and without sponsors. We suggest that you write to the place where the baptism is recorded, to find out whether godparents be listed. Whenever it happens that there is no sponsor available for an emergency baptism, a sponsor should be obtained later, when the solemn ceremonies are carried out. But in such circumstances, according to Church Law, no spiritual relationship is contracted between the godparent and the person baptized. (Canon 762) If you cannot obtain reliable information, it would be well to substitute two reliable Catholics, even though they cannot be considered sponsors in the legal sense of

the term. Only too often, legally chosen sponsors are not reliable. In choosing godparents, some people are more intent on honoring a relative or friend than on safeguarding their child's religious future.

Catholic vs. Orthodox

Am confused. My brother—a Catholic—married a Greek girl in the Orthodox Church. Is he not excommunicated? Why do we have so many announcements on Sunday, and so few sermons to tide us over from week to week?—A. G., TIMONIUM, Md.

Enclosed clipping from *The Catholic Review* of Baltimore is both accurate and clear. A Greek Catholic is a Roman Catholic of an oriental rite—as thoroughly Roman Catholic as we of the Latin or western rite. An Orthodox Greek is one who denies the supremacy of the Pope as Vicar of Christ. An Orthodox Greek is a Christian, but not a Catholic. The adjective "orthodox" signifies correctness or soundness, especially in matters of faith. In this case, the title "orthodox" is a misnomer, assumed to themselves by rebellious orientals. The article you misunderstood does not state that we may participate in the services of the Orthodox Church. Hence, it does not follow that your brother was free to marry as he did. No one has jurisdiction over the marriage of even one Catholic party, except a Catholic priest—of either the Latin or an Oriental rite.

Especially nowadays and in large, city parishes, the organization of a parish is complex. There are many items of importance to be announced and emphasized. However, the practice is becoming widespread to issue the announcements in printed form. In this way, time is reserved for a sermonette, and the parishioners can file the announcements at home as a memo. Printed announcements seem to be the only solution for the problem you raise. You should not have to return home hungry for the bread of God's Word.

Why?

In a recent "Sign Post" you wrote of the dedication of an infant to our Blessed Mother. I don't get the point.—S. M., YONKERS, N. Y.

The purpose of a mother dedicating her child—or herself—to the Mother of God is twofold. Any such dedication or consecration is a tribute to the Mother of God. Furthermore, it is an eloquent way to enlist the special interest, intercession, and protection of the greatest of all the saints.

Scruples

For years, I have been so tormented by scruples that I dread to start another day—above all, to go to confession and receive Holy Communion. No confessor seems to understand my predicament.—E. M., MIAMI, FLA.

A person who is habitually scrupulous needs much understanding, sympathy, and patience—also absolute obedience to a firm confessor. Any confessor would understand your case, but you do not realize how helpless you will continue to be until you make an act of unquestioning faith in his judgment. Nor should you "shop around" from week to week, in quest of a confessor who will cater to your misguided self-direction.

The judgment and memory of a scrupulous person are so fear-ridden as to be unreliable. Hence, the necessity that such a penitent have absolute faith and confidence in the confessor, even though he may feel suicidal in scuttling all self-direction. Nor is "another" general confession the solu-

tion. An examination of conscience should be timed—within five minutes or less. Doubts may need to be solved, but need not to be absolved. You should realize that your want of confidence in God is not at all complimentary to Him. If you are to retain your sanity and put an end to this "purgatory on earth," you must rely confidently upon the understanding and guidance of God's sacramental delegate. Then, between confessions, turn off the "searchlight" of self-scrutiny. The regaining of your peace of conscience is worth a brave effort.

Seal of Confession

Through no fault of my own, I overheard a person's confession and feel vaguely uneasy.—S. W., CHICAGO, ILL.



Judging by your sketch of the circumstances, you can be easy in mind. You were not eavesdropping, as you stood in line among the penitents, awaiting your turn. Unless there be a hearing aid in a confessional, the deaf should be heard elsewhere. Your only obligation is absolute secrecy as to what you overheard. This obligation is the more delicate and urgent, if you recognized the penitent. According to Church Law: The sacramental seal is inviolable, and the confessor must, therefore, carefully beware of betraying a penitent by words or signs or in any other way, for any reason whatsoever. The obligation of keeping the sacramental seal also binds an interpreter and all others to whom the knowledge of the confession has in any way come. (Canon 889)

Balanced Prayer

As time goes on, I am more and more convinced that it is futile to pray.—W. R., HOUSTON, TEXAS.

What you have been praying for so long is, in itself, a good thing. Yet it is by no means essential to your welfare of body or soul, now or hereafter, and you might easily abuse it. In a mood of uncalled-for frustration, you are fostering a "spiritual tantrum."

Only too often, prayers to God are top-heavy with petition. Basic politeness dictates that, before voicing our real or imaginary needs, we pay our respects to the Almighty by way of adoration, thanksgiving and reparation for the past, confidence and resignation for the future. Perseverance in prayer, in a spirit of confidence coupled with resignation, is a test of our faith and hope and humility. Whether or not the outcome be in accord with our preferences, such dispositions never go unheeded, unrewarded.

Investment for Deceased

I note that chalices, vestments, and the like are offered instead of Masses, for the deceased. Which is the more beneficial, spiritually?—B. S., MALDEN, MASS.

The custom is becoming more prevalent, among Christians and non-Christians, for relatives to request those who wish to honor the memory of the departed to give a donation to some worthy cause rather than to spend money on an excess of perishable flowers.

It is commendable to donate a chalice, vestments, or the like in memory of a departed Catholic. Every use of the chalice, vestments, or the like is a suffrage in behalf of the soul who may be in purgatory. But no gift—regardless of its monetary value or practicality—can compare with the Gift offered in the Sacrifice of the Mass. The value of that Gift is infinite.

Human Eternity

Since the infinite God is eternal, how can we mere creatures be eternal, too?—F. L., BOSTON, MASS.

Eternity applies to God in an unrestricted sense of the term and to us in a restricted sense. Since God is infinite, He is limited by no imperfections. Hence, He must have existed always. Otherwise, there would have been a time when He was a nonentity. We do not begin to exist until the moment of conception, but from then on our future is endless and is in that sense, and to that extent, eternal.

Free To Remarry?

If a divorced Protestant were to become a Catholic, would he be allowed to marry a Catholic?—T. C., W. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

From the sketchy information given, it is impossible to answer your question. If in the judgment of the Church, the marriage of the divorced Protestant had been invalid, he would be free to marry a Catholic, regardless of whether he entered the Church or not. If his previous marriage had been valid, and if both he and his now divorced wife had been unbaptized, and if the basis of their disagreement had been religious incompatibility, then he could take opportunity of the Pauline Privilege. By entering the Church and marrying a Catholic, his previous marriage would be dissolved. However, any such case has to be submitted to the matrimonial board of the bishop's office, for review and judgment.

Priority

In a biography of St. Gabriel, the Passionist Student, it is stated: "I think he felt even more devotion to her (the Sorrowful Mother) than to the Passion or Holy Eucharist." Isn't this a misplaced priority?—D. L., STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

You refer to the biography published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York 8, N. Y. Please note that the author expresses the opinion that St. Gabriel *felt* his devotion to the Mother of Sorrows more so than he *felt* any other devotion. We can safely assume that you have more devotion to God than you have for your parents, but you *feel* your devotion for them more so than your devotion to God. God and even the angels are devoid of feelings, in the merely human sense of the term, because they are so thoroughly spiritual. Some of us are more emotional than others; we feel some emotions more intensely than others. Hence it is understandable that a young man of so ardent a temperament as Gabriel Possenti would feel an intense sympathy for his Sorrowful Mother.

Serious Problem

Am about to move to a town where there is no parish school and am worried as to the religious education of my children.—T. F., AUGUSTA, ME.

Provisions made for the religious education of our children, in a setting other than a Catholic school, are, at best, a mere substitute. Commendably, for many parents, Catholic educational facilities are the decisive factor in establishing residence. It would not be inflating the issue to reconsider whether you should move from an ideal setting to one that is below par.

The mind of the Church as to the importance and urgency of religious education is keynoted time and again in Church Law. For example: Not only parents and others who hold the place of parents but also the heads of a house and godparents are obliged to see that those subject to them or entrusted to their care receive catechetical instruction.

(Canon 1335) Normal catechetical instruction bespeaks much more than the religious ABC's to be found in the "penny catechism." Just as elementary schooling needs to be rounded out by a high school and even college education, so too religious education should be graded according to the progressive maturity of the young. Their knowledge has to be such as to beget interest and enthusiasm and to render them spiritually self-reliant. Otherwise the outcome is likely to be a juvenile and adult delinquent—the "half-baked" Catholic, the type responsible for most of the leakage from the Church. Proper religious schooling for your children is second only to your parental good example. Your concern is indicative of a healthy Catholic spirit and is not a case of much ado about little. Don't let the other party "talk you down" with flimsy arguments. During World War II, we often heard: "Do you realize there's a war on?" To the point—we can't afford to forget that we are members of the Church Militant.

Be Easy in Mind!

In mind and heart, I experience a gnawing remorse. Three of my sons spent several years in a religious order, studying for the priesthood, but eventually gave up. I fear that it may have been my fault.—M. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It is only natural and quite understandable that you would experience a keen disappointment that your sons' future did not turn out as you had hoped. However, you have no reason whatever for worry or remorse. The outcome is no fault of yours. From what you say, your sons profited very much by their years with the religious community. Unfortunately, many people do not realize that the early years spent by a young woman in a convent, or by a young man in a monastery or seminary, are years of probation. That probation is twofold: the candidate is tested for physical, intellectual, and spiritual fitness by the superiors; and the candidate experiments, the better to learn his or her fitness for the religious life or the priesthood or both. If the candidate or the superiors decide in the negative, no disgrace is implied. It does not mean that the young man or woman is a failure in life. The single life and the married state are vocations, just as truly as the religious life or the priesthood. In some cases, decision as to a vocation can be arrived at clearly and comparatively quickly; in other cases, it is a much more lengthy process.

Assistant Bishops

What is the difference between an auxiliary bishop and a coadjutor bishop?—D. M., TRENTON, N. J.

No matter how many bishops may be assigned to a diocese, only one bishop is the Ordinary or Bishop of the Diocese. Because of the infirmities of the Ordinary or because of the scope of diocesan work, one or more assistant bishops may be assigned by the Holy See. Depending upon the papal letters of appointment, an assistant may be an auxiliary bishop, a coadjutor bishop, or a coadjutor bishop with the right of succession. Usually, although not necessarily, a coadjutor is given the right of succession, effective when the Ordinary dies or is permanently incapacitated. Usually, the appointment of an auxiliary bishop ceases on the death or transfer of the Ordinary to whom he had been assigned as a personal assistant.

Salvage

What should I do with rosaries I don't need?—J. O'C., BOSTON, MASS.

Any such religious articles can be sent to the Passionist Fathers, at Holy Cross Seminary, Dunkirk, N. Y., for reconditioning and use in the foreign missions.

BOOK REVIEWS

ON POETRY AND POETS

By T. S. Eliot. 308 pages.
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$4.50

Joyce Kilmer, in his Catholic humility, saw the making of a poem as a matter of the heart and the emotions, of little moment in the presence of the awesome grandeur of the Creator. The Anglican and professorial



T. S. Eliot

T. S. Eliot, in this series of published lectures, leans mightily to a more intellectual application of the rules of prosody to the transmission of ideas. Rhymes to him are for the rhymester, for he insists that poetry should hold, in the first and last measure, the immediacy of conversation. "Every revolution in poetry," he says, "is apt to be . . . a return to common speech."

The essays on poetry in this volume are both urbane and thoughtful, and pleasantly provocative reading. Mr. Eliot discusses the social function of poetry and poetry as it is related to drama—a field, of course, in which he himself excels—and gives his own judgment on just what may be considered minor poetry and what poetry may deserve the name "classic." He is never too much the pundit but rather the agreeable litterateur talking about a subject that very much interests him and that he expects will interest his listeners or readers.

In the same manner he discusses, as poets, Virgil in his relation to the Christian world; Milton; Johnson as critic and poet; Goethe as the sage; and, rather surprisingly, Rudyard Kipling. But, of the poets he discusses, closest to his own poetic self seems to be William Butler Yeats. Of him, he says, "He was one of those few whose history is the history of their own time, who are a part of the consciousness of an age which cannot be understood without them." It may be that a future critic will say much the same about Eliot.

DORAN HURLEY.

THE RESTLESS CHRISTIAN

By Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B. 183 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$3.00

Readers of *THE SIGN* are familiar with the type of material which Father Kilian

favors and the type of treatment which he gives it. His material is derived mainly from the reader's preoccupation of the moment—the current liturgical season, an item or trend revealed in the news, or even a liturgical fashion, good or otherwise. His treatment is a simple and lucid exposition of some doctrinal point which should form the reader's conscience and direct his practice in the matter under discussion. His special skill consists in the smoothness and efficiency with which he introduces his topics, enlarges their significance, and then prescribes a suitable spiritual therapy. The end result is the formidable achievement of intriguing into meditation laity who would probably recoil from the exercise, rating it as a difficult and esoteric technique, the professional preserve of priests and religious.

Father Kilian avoids the pietistic language which often clutters and refrigerates an effort like this. His discussion is lively, conversational, modern, and bereft of scholarly or homiletic clichés.

HENRY EDWARDS

BELOW THE SALT

By Thomas B. Costain. 480 pages.
Doubleday. \$3.95

Readers of Mr. Costain's earlier historical novels will find in his latest work the usual pleasant blend of historical fact and fictional romance. This is the story of how one of the most wicked kings of England, John, was forced to sign the Magna Carta. It is also the story of Eleanor, the "Lost Princess," who had a better claim to the throne of England than her uncle King John.

Mr. Costain makes the most of the ingredients at hand. Through the pages of his book march many of the most colorful characters of history: Pope Innocent III, Stephen Langton, William the Marshall ("The greatest knight of the Middle Ages"), and, above all, the infamous and lecherous John himself. The central figure of the story, however, is Eleanor, whose remarkable beauty won her the title "The Pearl of Brittany."

According to history, this Plantagenet beauty was kept a prisoner by her jeal-



Thomas B. Costain

ous uncle. The author, however, makes possible her escape and even grants her a few years of marital bliss in Ireland with her rescuer, Richard of Rawen, son of a Saxon noble. Mr. Costain employs a fictional American descendant of this same Richard to tell this story of a by-gone world, mixed thus in a curious way with people of our own times. Could it be, one wonders, that there are people in America who have royal Plantagenet blood from the "Lost Princess"? As usual, Mr. Costain keeps us guessing. And, as usual, his story makes for entertaining and happy reading.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

LOSER TAKES ALL

By Graham Greene. 126 pages.
Viking. 95¢

Graham Greene appears this time in the pocketbook field with a carefree, little fantasy of Monte Carlo, the hot fever of the gambling virus, and the cool therapy of young love. While he can be sometimes controversial in his more serious forays, as witness *The Quiet American*, Mr. Greene is never trite, never desiccated, and when he labels this story "an entertainment," he is telling the exact truth.

There is an elfish, dreamland quality about *Loser Takes All* which removes it from our work-a-day world as thoroughly as a trip to the stratosphere. A newly wedded couple spend a mixed-up honeymoon at Monte Carlo. Our hero, "an aging assistant accountant" for a London firm, and his young bride find themselves broke and stranded there. Then the hero gets his "system" working at the gaming tables and is soon piling up fantastic mountains of bank notes. One might fancy that all problems would at once dissolve before the alchemy of such wealth, but that is not the case. For Cary, the bride, is not happy. She finds hubby tense, nervous, preoccupied. His attention, once exclusively hers, is now devoted to pouring over the figures of his "system." He is not the romantic, easy-going lad she married.

Now, in such circumstances, what would you do? Well, we warned you this was a fantasy of dream-like quality.

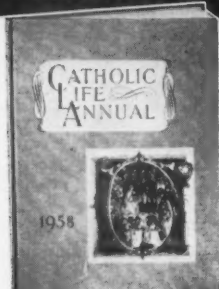
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WEEP NO MORE

By Janet Stevenson.
Viking.

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\$3.95

This is the heyday of Civil War Literature—whether history, biography, or fiction.

Weep No More is not only a Civil War novel; it treats of a Union spy, a clever woman living in Richmond. General Grant once publicly acknowledged her value to the Union. Such a theme—Civil War, cloak and dagger, with a lady beneath the cloak—makes for good reading.

The story is based on the real activities of Elizabeth Van Clew of Richmond, who was a counterpart of the Confederate spy Rose O'Neal Greenhow.

Miss Van Clew was an erratic spinster, educated in Philadelphia where she had imbibed abolitionism with the genteel arts. As the threat of war moved closer, she publicly proclaimed her opposition to secession and slavery. In this she was sincere, but her unpopular attitude served as a perfect blind. Who would suspect espionage of "Crazy Beth" who shouted for Lincoln, Unionism, and Emancipation?

She visited and aided Union prisoners in Libby Prison. She aided some to escape and hid them in her regal mansion. By means of her own underground agents she transmitted military data to Washington.

Her last project was a plan for a raid on Richmond in '64 to liberate the inmates of Libby Prison. The cavalry forces, under General Kilpatrick and Colonel Dahlgren, failed in the attempt. Dahlgren fell in the fiasco.

There is little need to fictionalize in this crisply written novel. It is the old story of fiction being less strange than fact.

PAUL QUINN.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

By Frank O'Connor.
Knopf.

260 pages.
\$3.50

In this new group of short stories, Frank O'Connor reflects upon his boyhood and youth in the ancient city of Cork by the pleasant waters of the River Lee. In the earlier stories, which seem but lightly fictional, he presents himself as a very priggish and precocious boy; and later, as a young man apart, with a certain scoffing disdain for the men and women of his family and companionship. Another Irish writer of his comparative generation, Brinsley McNamara, once wrote a novel



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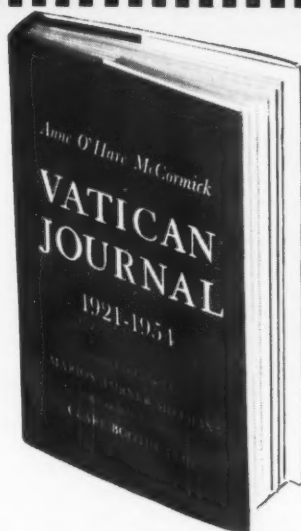
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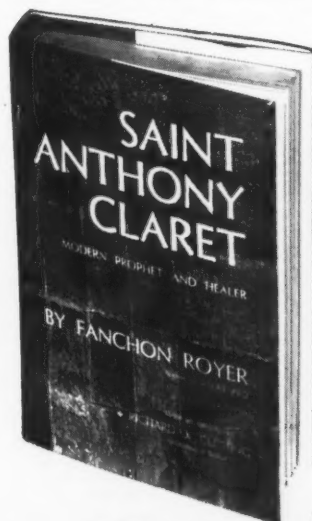
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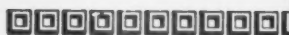
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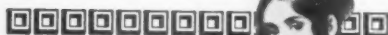
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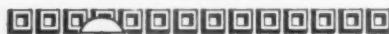
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PANTHEON

called *The Valley of Squinting Windows*. It seems pathetic that it is only through a squinting window that O'Connor may look back upon his boyhood; and, strange for an Irishman, with no beloved memories of God to give joy to his youth.

These are stories of pathetic people for the most part, in a mean environment, who know no delight from the Marina or the Mardyke or the lilting sound of the bells of Shandon. They are not wantonly cruel stories but they are pathetic stories, too often of frustration, and told always with a wry mouth.

In their genre, they are rueful slice-of-life stories, told in the incomplete *New Yorker* manner, in which most of them have indeed appeared. Mr. O'Connor has a rare gift for dialogue and a certain empathy with his characters; but he so tremendously lacks joy and true compassion. It never seems to leave his mind that Yeats once called him the Chekhov of Ireland. It is a pity for a man with the genius to become an Irish Tolstoy.

DORAN HURLEY.

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

By **Clifton Fadiman**.

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With the agility of a fencing master, Mr. Fadiman puts on a dazzling display of virtuosity as he probes and thrusts at the American scene with his literary foil. His suave wit, light touch, and well-stocked mind roam around the world of ideas and things, lighting here and there, on egg-heads, intellectuals, highbrows, and "ideologues"; discoursing on "televenglish" and Dostoevski, babies, U-talk, clerihevs, Exurbia, wine, letter-writing, et cetera.

The self-assurance of the urbane Fadiman will doubtless irritate more serious readers, but for those who like their literary fencing done with grace and flourish, here's for you. As the man says, any number can play; we suspect a sizable but definitely limited audience will respond to the invitation.

LAFAYETTE MARCHAND.



C. Fadiman

THE INDIVISIBLE ISLAND

By **Frank Gallagher**.

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the events which culminated in dividing Ireland into the Republic of Ireland (26 counties) and Northern Ireland (6 counties). Then, too, this study provides a sardonic commentary on British foreign policy which can be so outraged by a divided Germany in 1957 while the memory of its dismemberment of the Irish body politic is still fresh.

A student of Irish affairs, who has held important posts in the communications field, Mr. Gallagher writes with a seething objectivity. He leaves no doubt but that the splitting of Ireland into two hostile entities was an English machination hatched in deceit and foisted upon an unwilling subject people. It was originally an obstructionist measure designed to kill home rule for Ireland.

Attempts to make the status of Northern Ireland solely a Protestant vs. Catholic argument are given the lie by the author's presentation of public utterances by Protestant leaders. That England has been guilty of injustice against all Ireland is demonstrated by the economic dependence of each on the other and the depression which followed partition.

If the English are agitated by Ireland's insistence on unity, they can turn to history where the record reveals English pledges that any partition would only be temporary. And so it shall be.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

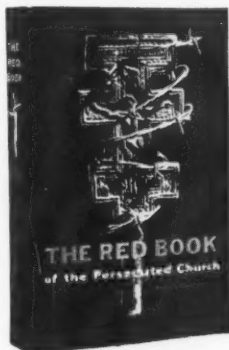
DOCTOR RABELAIS

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. 274 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$4.00

"Rabelaisian" and "gargantuan" are two words that have come into American common usage, usually with very little knowledge of their root source. Nor has the cultus of Rabelais risen to any such heights here as it has among those whom Mr. Lewis sardonically calls "the learned" of France and England. We are more apt in the United States to classify the French doctor with Boccaccio and Marguerite of Navarre as a teller of "naughty" tales rather than as "the man who wrote against the doctrines of the Church." Those who hold the latter view, Mr. Lewis calls "old-fashioned thinkers;" and with brilliance both of wit and scholarship he sweeps away such contentions as nonsense.

Again and again he insists, and properly, that while Doctor Rabelais, ex-Franciscan friar and off-and-on-again Benedictine monk, attacked abuses in the Church material he at no time assailed Church doctrine. He points out that none of Rabelais' works have ever appeared on the Index; that he, as a priest, three times addressed the Holy See personally with filial humility; that Pope Paul III treated him with marked benevolence even to absolving him of his clerical irregularities.

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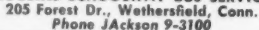
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DORAN HURLEY

Like many an infantry officer, the author is frequently critical of decisions made at the highest level, particularly on the American side, where the campaign in Italy was never regarded as more than a side show. The real tragedy of Cassino, in his opinion, was the sacrifice of so much for so little.

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A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

By Kenneth S. Davis. 510 pages. Doubleday. \$5.00

Despite his two defeats for the presidency, Adlai E. Stevenson is one of America's most interesting and important figures. It is only fitting, therefore, that a full-length portrait of the man should finally be written.

The author, best known for his earlier biography of General Eisenhower, has done a first-rate job in bringing the "real" Stevenson to the reading public. His somewhat cautious approach is based upon the sensible realization that a full knowledge of the external facts would not suffice for an understanding of his subject's extremely complicated personality. For the same reason, his conclusions are frequently tentative and general.

This is not to say that Mr. Davis has forsaken fact for intuition. A trained researcher, he has overlooked none of the major influences on Mr. Stevenson's developing character. He presents his subject within the larger frame of the "Stevensons of Illinois" and traces the family history as far back as the founder of the American Stevensons in the eighteenth century. For the more recent years, access to Mr. Stevenson's personal diary provides the important element of authenticity.

Mr. Davis, however, wears lightly his documentation. His well-written story of how an average, sensitive, mid-western boy developed into the complex, dynamic titular head of the Democratic party should appeal to the general reader as well as the student of political affairs.

It will probably take the work of many biographers before the full depth of Mr. Stevenson's mind and character has been adequately explored. In the meantime, Mr. Davis' book is a significant beginning.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

PRIESTLY EXISTENCE

By Rev. Michael Pflieger. Translated by Francis F. Dinneen, S.J. 425 pages. Newman. \$6.00

The purpose of this rather compendious book is "to try to explain the modes of priestly existence from the data of priestly experience itself." The terms *existence* and *existential*, which reappear frequently throughout the book, act as the keynote of its development.

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tellectual and moral development are considered in the light of personal religious and psychological reactions. Sage advice is given to the young levite in the preservation and development of his high ideals.

The second section, entitled "Modes of Priestly Existence," proceeds, to describe, dissect, and classify various types of priests. The author's sources range from personal notes, contacts, and observations to historical instances, biographies, novels, and various fictional materials. Most of the "existential" data relates to the clergy of central Europe, but this is supplemented by liberal references and quotations, including such familiar names as Canon Sheehan, Bruce Marshall, A. J. Cronin, Graham Greene, Georges Bernanos, and Henry Morton Robinson.

It would appear that in making this inventory, the author intended to hold up a mirror for diocesan clergy to see themselves as others may see them—the good, bad, and indifferent—and effect self-correction where advisable. On the other hand, one may wonder whether this presentation of "Priestly Existence" has not bogged down into a compilation of sacerdotal types and tensions, of curious interest rather than constructive guidance for priests whose pattern in the world today is the living and eternally fresh example of Christ.

REV. JAMES A. MAGNER

A STUDY OF HISTORY VOLS. VII-X

By Arnold J. Toynbee. 414 pages.
Oxford Univ. \$5.00

Professor Toynbee has finished his lengthy *Study of History*, a comparative survey of the rise and decline of the great civilizations of the world. It is overwhelming in its erudition. He makes such a complex series of parallels and contrasts of persons, periods, and events that even professional historians have taken an attitude of awe before his work. No historian of the century has received such widespread acclaim or been called upon to make such solemn pronouncements about contemporary events in the light of past historical developments.

The larger ten-volume and the smaller two-volume abridgement, now available, will remain of major importance. However, we judge them to be far less successful than is often assumed. The virtuosity displayed in handling historical data cannot be denied. But the author's ambitions have taken him beyond his abilities.

This is especially true of his venture into the history of religions. Whenever he mentions Christianity and the Christian West, he seems to lose contact with historical reality. He makes the common, but hardly excusable,

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error of reading Christianity into the pagan religions and of reading paganism into the Christian religion.

As his work progressed, the author became more lyrical, more romantic, more overcome with a subjective spiritualism which suffused itself over his work until in the end he began to mistake the inner world of Teynbee for the real world of history. Thus it is not surprising to find him closing his great work with a meditation on Fra Angelico's picture of the Beatific Vision in which he saw very little of what Angelico painted but very much of what Teynbee imagined.

THOMAS BERRY, C. P.

APOSTOLIC SANCTITY IN THE WORLD

Edited by Joseph E. Haley, C.S.C.
University of Notre Dame Press
210 pages. \$3.75

Father Haley has performed a most useful service in gathering and editing the material in this book, as it deals largely with secular institutes, on which such comprehensive information is otherwise virtually unobtainable.

Accurately subtitled "A Symposium on Total Dedication in the World and Secular Institute," it is a sort of reference book compiled of speeches given at various conferences by the priests and laity most vitally concerned, of the complete texts of pertinent papal documents, and of specific data on North American secular institutes established already or aspiring so to be.

The book is divided into five sections of which the first deals with lay sanctity and apostolicity in general, and the second considers the possibility of total dedication in the lay life. This logically leads up to secular institutes as the papally approved form of total dedication for those remaining in the world.

Obviously this book will be a great help to priests in their counseling of the laity, but it will also be a boon to groping laymen and laywomen who, while not particularly drawn to the religious life nor to marriage, yet desire a life of sanctity and service to God.

CAROL ROBINSON.

RELIGION AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JUNG

By Raymond Hostie, S. J. 249 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

In this excellent book Father Hostie has set for himself a twofold task. In Part I he presents "an account of Jung's main ideas" as they have developed throughout the extensive writings of Jung. Anyone who has read much of Jung appreciates the difficulty of harmonizing the ambiguities and contradictions in his

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writings into a meaningful system. This task Father Hostie performs in a manner excelling any comparable study of Jung. He traces the evolution of Jung's theories and terminology, and presents a philosophy of Jung's empirical method. He states his own purpose which he has so well achieved—"It is my aim to avoid above all things the danger inherent in analyzing simply one aspect of Jung's views or a single moment in his slow and lengthy evolution."

The heaviness and obscurity of Fr. Hostie's style in Part I is compensated for by the obvious improvements in Part II, the study and criticism of analytical psychology as it concerns religion. Here he is less inclined to favor Jung. "It is therefore impossible to speak of Jung as having any genuine interest in religion for its own sake." Still he is fair. "Jung is not an atheist. Nor is he an agnostic." Regarding Jung's remarks about metaphysics and theology, which as Fr. Hostie points out he confuses badly, the author says, "Jung is always letting himself be dragged beyond the confines of his own rights and competence."

For those who wish to understand Jung, this book is a must. For all psychotherapists and spiritual directors, Fr. Hostie's chapter on that topic should be part of their handbook.

ROBERT P. ODENWALD, M. D.

SHORT NOTICES

MARTYRS OF NAGASAKI. By Frederick Vincent Williams. 145 pages. Academy Library Guild. \$3.75. Six Franciscan Friars, three Japanese Jesuits, and seventeen laymen were crucified there, on February 5, 1597. Twenty-five years later, fifty-one more Catholics were to die in what is known as The Great Martyrdom. But the Faith implanted, persisted, and as late as 1858, twelve of eighty suspected Catholics, were tortured to death. Still, without priestly guidance, generation after generation of devoutly loyal Catholics held to their beliefs. Father Petit-Jean discovered them in 1862 living their lives as "Catacomb Christians." The blood of the twenty-six beatified martyrs was truly a seed burgeoning below the ground until it could burst forth into the nobly growing tree of Catholicism in Japan in our day. This tremendously inspiring story is told in this book.

MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY. By Alphonse H. Clemens. 356 pages. Prentice-Hall. \$6.00. Dr. Clemens' book is a valuable addition to the studies of marriage and family relations. An eminent Catholic University sociologist, the author attempts an integrated study of every aspect of marriage, from the moral and philosophical to the physical and emotional. The book is the end product

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of years of research and experience. One flaw in the study seems to be his failure to make adequate use of current psychoanalytic findings which have contributed a great deal to the understanding of certain types of marital conflict. However, for anyone seeking a deeper understanding of marriage this book is highly recommended.

QUEEN OF FRANCE. By André Castelot. 434 pages. Harper. \$5.00. Marie Antoinette has been the subject of a long list of biographies published on both sides of the Atlantic. This most recent study of the "widow Capet" will head the list for many years to come.

The author, a French historian and biographer, has gone straight to the sources to tell his tragic tale. Many of the documents used have only recently been discovered in the Viennese and Parisian archives. The result is a fresh and more judicious approach to an already familiar subject.

Fortunately, too, M. Castelot does not permit his careful scholarship to lessen the suspense that is so much a part of this grim chapter of the French Revolution. He has written a historical work that is as readable as a good novel.

SUCCESSFUL LOW PRESSURE SALESMANSHIP. By Edward Berman. 210 pages. Prentice-Hall. \$4.95. Remember the dynamic, fast-talking salesman who could mesmerize one into signing on the dotted line? He is now passé. Edward Berman, an experienced sales executive, says Low Pressure Larry can out-sell High Pressure Henry every time.

Today the emphasis has shifted to the "soft-sell." The chief premise of this book is: "It pays to be nice to people." Prospective salesmen, having been warned that the public resents being shouted at, can derive some benefits from the author's experience, but all the helpful contents could have been boiled down into one chapter.

It is nice to know that the old slogans like "Honesty is the best policy" are in fashion again.

THE CONVERT. By Margaret Culkin Banning. 310 pages. Harper. \$3.95. Here is a truly Catholic novel which achieves the difficult combination of distinction and popular appeal. Its characters are real people in their weakness, strength, and occasional inconsistencies; their dialogue is real and so are their problems. These last concern modern marriage as well as modern conversion—and modern resistance—to the Faith and Mrs. Banning evidently agrees with Paul Claudel that "God never asks superficial things from us, but deep ones." She has written a gripping and all too credible story. A sequel, in which at least some of its protagonists might be permitted happiness as well as heroism, would be welcomed.



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MARX VS. CHRIST (Continued from page 19)

claimed. Such freedom, however, must be granted on Communist terms. Sanctioned by all Marxist constitutionalists, boasted about by all Communists, what it really means is, at most, the freedom to worship within the four walls of a church. Meanwhile, such worship makes one suspect to the State and always brings with it danger of State enmity. Communists see the strength of the Church in her organization. This must be controlled and liquidated. Private worship remains. So does the guaranteed freedom of antireligious propaganda. As an institution enjoying public rights, as a socially active organization, the Church has no right to existence in a Communist country.

(11) *Having separated the Church from Rome and enslaved the Church to the State, the rest can be left to the passage of time.* Passage of time, according to Communist principles of dialectical materialism, will lead gradually to the disintegration of both cult and clergy, and so, in the end, of the Church. The man of the Church will gradually evolve into "Economic Man." In this "progressive" transformation (a kind of being born again in reverse) Communist compulsory re-education plays an important part. The Chinese Communists call it "changing the brain." Their ambition is to change a man's whole mentality and activity.

The above analysis reveals what distinguishes Communist persecution of the Church from former persecutions. Not only is there an astonishing synchronization in countries diverse in history and culture, but also there are methodical procedures, the desire to avoid making martyrs, and the refusal to come to grips with Catholicism in the domain of faith.

It seems that Communists have learned that physical force will never succeed in destroying religion.

What are the results of ten years of Communist persecution?

In those churches which Communists have allowed to remain open, there is still quite satisfactory church attendance. People may still profess their faith by going to church. Yet, it must be admitted that the Christian community no longer has the legal right to live publicly according to its faith. Ecclesiastical organization has either been undermined or abolished. The Church has been excluded from all activities which do not pertain strictly to worship. Indeed, if the strength of the Church consisted solely in its external organization, it would have to be admitted that the Communist regimes had got the upper hand. In no country behind the Iron Curtain does there exist a single independent ecclesiastical organization.

Everything is directed and controlled by the State.

The ten years' struggle which the Communist dictatorship has waged against the Catholic Church, and the heroic resistance of the latter seem to indicate that the "limiting-point" foreseen by Lenin has been reached. Communism and Christianity are standing alone face to face, in single combat.

Unfortunately, Communists see in Christianity their chief enemy much more clearly than Christians see their enemy in Communism.

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This persecution rages over nearly half of Europe and vast areas of Asia. It exerts powerful ideological pressures in the economically underdeveloped regions, and it is at the same time trying to stake a claim in the West. Behind the persecution is a formidable organization such as has never been in the hands of persecutors of the past.

In the face of this horrible evil, it is a prime duty of Christians to be aware of the danger and to take steps to defend the Faith. What spurious reasons of political, social, or economic expediency can cloak the primary importance of the religious and human drama that is being enacted before our eyes?

Work for social justice is indeed necessary. But can one hope to be of service to mankind by siding with the self-confessed enemies of God and the Church?

Let it be clearly understood that what matters is the defense of the Faith. It would be a serious mistake to try to use the Church as an ally against Communism on a purely political plane. The Church condemned Nazism even though Nazism went to war with Communism, for Nazism was imbued with the same errors as Communism. The Church combats error wherever it shows itself; she opposes injustice wherever it is perpetrated. Hers are weapons of peace. She denounces what is contrary to natural and divine laws; she preaches the truth, in season and out of season; she promotes justice with vigor and perseverance.

The cause which the Church defends, and for which 75 million persecuted Catholics are suffering in Communist-dominated countries, is the cause of truth and of man's fundamental and entire freedom. It is the cause of God.

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YOUTH ADORES

(Continued from page 29)

Father recalls that anxious Saturday afternoon before the first large-scale Holy Hour. "I was pretty worried. What if after all the planning and talking only a handful of kids came? A fellow priest guessed what was on my mind and gave me a piece of advice that has carried me through every rough day since: 'What if only ten show up at your Holy Hour. That will be ten souls that much closer to Christ for an hour.' Now, I don't give a hoot how many come. I'll say the prayers just as loud and deliver the sermon as best I can, knowing that the good Lord is as pleased with twenty as with twelve hundred."

On that first Sunday afternoon, however, Father Bernier had neither the reason nor the time to ponder his friend's advice. Fifteen hundred teenagers crowded into St. Jean's for the Holy Hour. The idea had worked. If success could be achieved in New York, why not form an actual organization which would make the Holy Hours possible everywhere? The Catholic Youth Adoration Society was thus born on December 5, 1948. Its members have but one obligation—to make a monthly Holy Hour before the Blessed Sacrament.

Since that time the organization has opened 232 branches for high school students in the United States and its possessions. There are public branches which bring together students from a large area or an entire city and private branches which are set up in one school for its own students. Some 750,000 Holy Hours have been offered by C.Y.A. members since the eventful day in 1948.

His work with the C.Y.A. made Father Bernier a well-known and well-liked retreat master and Communion breakfast speaker. The practical nature of his sermons and his ability to talk to youngsters on their own level made him the counselor of scores of boys and girls from all over New York. By 1954, his schedule had mushroomed enormously. In addition to his regular parish duties, Father Bernier was giving retreats, keeping up with the Congregation's rule (which alone requires three hours of private Eucharistic adoration daily), maintaining a full-time office for C.Y.A. business, putting out the organization's monthly newspaper, and personally giving at least four C.Y.A. Holy Hours a month. But another call had to be answered and another dream was about to be realized—an adoration group for young adults.

Father had been receiving letters from high school graduates whom he had met through C.Y.A. In addition to filling him in on life in the business world, school, and military service, the letters were filled with pleas to "bring C.Y.A. up to our age level." Letter after letter

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told Father of the need the writer felt for the link with Christ that the C.Y.A. Holy Hours used to bring. This, and the permission of his superior, was all Father Bernier needed to embark on a new project—the Senior Catholic Youth Adoration Society.

A group of young adults came together to work with Father on the foundation of the new organization. There were college and nursing school students, working people, ex-servicemen, and one young married couple in the nucleus. They planned a publicity campaign, fixed the details of time and place for the monthly Holy Hour, and began drawing up a Holy Hour booklet.

Within a few months, on November 2, 1954, the first Senior C.Y.A. Holy Hour was held at St. Jean Baptiste. There were 150 young people in attendance. The figure was one-tenth that of the first C.Y.A. Holy Hour, but Father Bernier was not discouraged. He had been told by clergy and laymen alike that it was foolish to start an organization for people in this age group. The demands of business and social life, early marriage, military service, boarding and night colleges would cut deeply into the ranks of prospective Senior C.Y.A. members. But Father decided to gamble on our Lord, and he won.

The Senior C.Y.A. although its structure and membership requirements are as simple as those of the high school group, has not taken on the proportions of the C.Y.A. There are seven branches now active or being planned. "Maybe we'll never get the quantity," Father comments, "but we'll have the quality."

His enthusiasm, the fine work of the twenty-odd young people who have made the Senior C.Y.A. their principal sparetime activity, and the need of young men and women for a "spiritual shot in the arm" have not only made the organization prosper but have enhanced the possibility of expansion.

The organization has obtained the permission of the Eastern division of the National Federation of Catholic College Students to attempt the establishment of private branches in their member colleges. One such group is now functioning successfully at St. Joseph's College for Women in Brooklyn, New York. Father is counting heavily on the appeal of the Holy Hour prayers and the many spiritual privileges granted Senior C.Y.A. members to aid the drive to establish private branches on college campuses and public branches in parishes throughout the country.

"The ball is rolling and it will continue to roll as long as young people know how to love and Christ in the Eucharist wants that love. Put a time limit on that if you can!" says Father Bernier as he continues his work with these "strictly spiritual—no social" organizations for Catholic youth.

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St. Anthony Novitiate, New
Berlin, Illinois.

YOUNG MEN NEEDED AS FRANCISCAN BROTHERS

Young men wishing to follow their Divine Master
and interested in boarding school work or the
rehabilitation of problem boys can obtain more
information by writing to: Rev. Brother Provincial,
Mt. Alverno, Cincinnati 5, Ohio.

Seeking God?
become
BENEDICTINE
PRIEST, BROTHER *and Layman*
Write **FATHER BENEDICT O.S.B.**
Saint Leo Abbey Saint Leo, Florida

IF & WHEN You Move, Please Remember to Send
Your Old AND New Address to THE SIGN

CONSOLATA FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

By millions the Africans are anxious to get the Catholic Faith. It is really a tragedy not
to be able to take care of all of them because we lack missionaries. As a **PRIEST or a LAY
BROTHER** you can do a wonderful work in our Missions of Africa (Kenya, Tanganyika, Mozam-
bique), as well as of S. America (Brazil, Argentina, Colombia).
HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES AND LAY BROTHERS

— Apply to —
Director of Vocations
Consolata House of Studies
5406 Colorado Ave. N.W., Washington 11,
D. C.

A special Latin course
is provided for delayed
vocations.



Why not be "The Perfect Soldier for Christ?"

JOIN THE IMMACULATE HEART FATHERS

FOREIGN MISSIONS in all parts of the world, China, Singapore, Hong
Kong, Formosa, Japan, the Philippines, the Belgian Congo, Indonesia,
Haiti, Guatemala and Chile. Also Home Missions in the U.S.A.

IMMACULATE HEART FATHERS Box BB Arlington 7, Va.



THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

- A World-wide Teaching Institute, Exclusively Brothers Devoted to Boys
- Religious Teachers.
- Religious engaged in domestic, clerical and mechanical skills

For information address the vocational director nearest your home:

De La Salle Normal
Lafayette (3), La.

St. Joseph Normal Institute
Barrytown (3), N. Y.

La Salle College
Philadelphia (4)c, Pa.

Mont La Salle
Napa (1), Cal.

La Salle Institute
Glencoe (2), Mo.



SACRED HEART MISSIONARIES

welcome boys of high school and college age to apply for admission to
their minor seminary and novitiate. Lack of funds is no obstacle.
Spread the love of the Sacred Heart by teaching and preaching to the
United States. Foreign mission work open to volunteers only. Young
men, 16 to 25, who have no vocation to the priesthood, are eligible to
join as Lay Brothers.

Address: Director of Vocations
Sacred Heart Mission Seminary, Geneva 7, Illinois.
(located 40 miles west of Chicago)



THE SOCIETY OF MARY

- Religious priests, Teaching Brothers, and Working Brothers.
- Consecrated to Mary by vow. • All living a common life.
- Engaged primarily in education—a modern social apostolate.

For more information send—P. O. Box 586, Santa Cruz, California.
this ad to the Vocation—1101 S. Lindbergh Blvd., Kirkwood 22, Mo.
DIRECTOR at address—Chaminade High School, Mineola, N. Y.
nearest you: —University of Dayton, Dayton 9, Ohio.

Name..... Age.....
Address.....
City.....Grade.....State.....Tel. No..... S

LETTERS

(Continued from page 9)

fect union members from misuse of union
funds.

Then starts a tirade against employers
and the possible temptation to make a
"fast buck" by way of a kickback.

He got off on the right foot, but did not
stand on it very long. He defends by tear-
ing down. This still doesn't make the mis-
use of funds legal.

Another thing, his use of slang is in very
bad taste. Might we not at least expect
dignity from the clergy?

Miss M. D. MAHER

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

WHY, WHY, WHY

The September issue of THE SIGN came
just in the nick of time today. I had been
undecided about my renewal but when I
read all the "Letters" on page 2, and then
referred to the July issue, I no longer had
any doubts. My check is in its envelope
ready to be mailed with this.

When I read your series of "Whys," I
rejoiced to see such an array of questions
that needed to be printed. When I saw the
"Answers" today, I thought of all my good
friends to whom "labor" is a naughty word.
I long since gave up mentioning it in their
hearing.

Please excuse my bubbling over.

MARY REYNOLDS

OOSTBURG, WIS.

AUTUMN AIR

The October issue of THE SIGN was
almost the proverbial breath of fresh air!

The article on Saint Bernadette by
Frances Parkinson Keyes is the kind needed
if people are to know more about the
saints. Knowing more about them we will
think more about them.

Anyone starting the Casey Jones article
is sure to finish it.

The book review section is very good.

In a secular school I was taught about
the great Cecil Rhodes. I may never read
Rhodes of Africa, by Felix Gross, but now
I have a better idea of the facts.

If only more Catholic magazines would
attempt to be more readable they might
possibly exert greater influence.

Congratulations!

JOHN M. EDWARDS

NORWICH, CONN.

AN OCCASION OF SIN!

I regret to advise that I am unable to
subscribe inasmuch as I have, unfortunately,
found the magazine to be an occasion of
the sin of anger to me. . . .

MARY I. MILLER

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

JAMIE

Why all the magazine space taken up
with "Jamie" (September) page after page?
MRS. HENRY WOLF

YORK, PA.

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